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ŚIVA NATARĀJA

THE HERITAGE OF INDIA SERIES

HYMNS OF THE TAMIL ŚAIVITE SAINTS

BY

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To
C. M. P.

AUTHORS' NOTE

THIS book has gone through the Press under unusually difficult circumstances. During most of the time one of the authors has been in Mesopotamia, the other in India. Partly from this cause, and partly through practical difficulties of printing, there are a few minor inconsistencies in the application of the system of transliteration.

The authors would have wished, had it been possible, to alter the note on stanza 17 (p. 27), which is there treated as a case of intercession for others. Fuller comparison of this hymn with other similar ones in Tamil religious poetry convinces them that the "she" in the hymn is none other than the devotee, who compares himself to a love-sick woman, as in stanza 19.

They would also like to acknowledge their indebtedness to Dr. Farquhar, General Editor of the Series, for much hard work done in the interests of this book; also to Mrs. Phillips, Mr. G. S. Duraiswamy, B.A., and the Rev. F. Goodwill, for valuable help given with proof-reading.

The Wesleyan Mission Press, Mysore, which does not usually print Tamil, has been good enough for the sake of this book to undertake an unfamiliar task, which it has carried through with unwearied patience.

CONTENTS

CHAP.		PAGE
	INTRODUCTION	1
I.	SAMBANDAR AND HIS HYMNS—STANZAS 1—24 ..	10
II.	APPARSWĀMI AND HIS HYMNS—STANZAS 25—64 ..	35
III.	SUNDARAMŪRTI AND HIS HYMNS—STANZAS 65—79..	70
IV.	MĀṆIKKA VĀSAHAR AND HIS HYMNS—STANZAS 80—136	84
	APPENDIX I : SHRINES MENTIONED IN THE POEMS	128
	APPENDIX II : SYSTEM OF TRANSLITERATION AND PRONUNCIATION	129
	INDEX	131

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ILLUSTRATIONS

1.	SIVA NAṬARĀJĀ	<i>Frontispiece</i>
2.	SAMBANDAR	<i>Following page 8</i>
3.	APPARSWĀMI	34
4.	SUNDARAR	68
5.	MĀṆIKKA VĀSAHAR	84

NOTE.—The bronze statuettes of the poets reproduced in this volume are not historical portraits but imaginative figures, created in accordance with popular traditions and used in the worship of the temple and the home.

INTRODUCTION

(A)—The Hymns and their Significance

THE voice of chanting and song, to the accompaniment of unfamiliar instruments, floats out over the high wall of the temple in the coolness of the evening or the dawn, making the Western passer-by wonder what it is that is being chanted and sung. If only he had a Hindu hymn-book he thinks he could learn from it the spirit of Hinduism as well as a non-Christian could learn Christianity from Christian hymns. For the Tamil country at any rate there *is* such a hymn-book, and our present aim is to give enough specimens from it for readers to know what the hymns are like. Englishmen are wanting to understand India more than they ever wanted before, for their debt to India is heavy. Indians are wanting more than ever before to know the wonderful past of their own country, and the wonder of it is all bound up with its religion. At such a time these hymns are worth looking into, for they are being sung in temples and homes throughout the Tamil country, and Tamil is the mother-tongue of more than eighteen millions of people. For pious Śaivites they equal in authority the Sanskrit Vedas; the mere learning of them by rote is held to be a virtue, and devout Tamil parents compel their children to memorize them in much the same way as Christian parents make their children learn the Psalms.

2 HYMNS OF TAMIL ŚAIVITE SAINTS

The hymns here given are specimens from the *Dēvāram* and the *Tiruvāchakam*. The *Dēvāram* is the first of the collections of works held as canonical by Tamil Śaivites. Its hymns were composed between six and eight hundred A.D. by the three authors of whom this book gives some account, and the whole was put together in one collection of 797 stanzas by Nambi Āṇḍār Nambi about 1000 A.D. The *Tiruvāchakam*, or Sacred Utterance, was written by one author, Māṇikya Vāchaka (Tamilized as Māṇikka Vāsahar) at a date so far unsettled that scholars are still divided on the question whether it preceded or followed the *Dēvāram*, though most scholars place it in the ninth, or early in the tenth, century. Whenever it was written, it stands even higher than the *Dēvāram* in the affections of Tamil people.

Out of an immense number of hymns we have tried to select those which are most representative, those which are favourites, and those which contain the most striking thoughts. But it is amazingly difficult to give a fair or adequate idea of them in an English rendering. They are essentially songs, intended to be sung to Indian tunes, in metres which no English metre can represent. Much of their charm depends upon assonance, upon plays upon words, upon close knitting of word with word, upon intricacy of metre and rhyme, almost as much as upon the substance. We can only claim a fair degree of accuracy in our renderings, apologizing to the lovers of Tamil poetry for the plainness and poverty of our representation of so rich and varied an original. All our translations are new, and nearly all of those from the *Dēvāram* represent verses which have never before been done

into English. One of the translators of this book learned as a Śaivite child to love these hymns, and therefore is the authority in matters of interpretation, the Englishman being responsible for the form. We shall be quite satisfied if our translations serve to call attention to the poems, and are some day replaced by worthier renderings.

We have tried to reduce introductory matter to a minimum, only giving such information as is necessary to enable readers to understand the hymns and the allusions in them. But it is entirely necessary to say something about the worship of Śiva, and to give a few words of biography of each of the four authors from whose work this book contains extracts.

(B)—The Worship of Śiva

1. *Its history previous to these poems.*

The word Śiva occurs even in the R̥ig Veda, but there it is only in conjunction with Rudra. The joining together of these names provokes conjectures as to whether we have here an amalgamation of two earlier deities, an Aryan and a Dravidian, but these need not detain us here, since clearly even at this early date Śiva was an Aryan deity, identical with Rudra the storm-god, and father of the Maruts, storm-gods themselves. Rudra is a handsome god; he uses his thunderbolts chiefly for punishing evil-doers, and is on the whole a kindly being. The name Śiva means 'auspicious,' and must not be confused with the Tamil word for 'red,' although as it happens Rudra-Śiva was a red being.

4 HYMNS OF TAMIL ŚAIVITE SAINTS

In the period of the Purāṇas, we find that Śiva, instead of being one of a multitude of nature-deities, has risen to be one of the great triad, Brahmā, Viṣṇu, and Śiva, who are far above all gods. How the change has come about we have not yet the means of discovering. The function has changed as much as the person, Śiva being now the destroyer as Brahmā is the creator and Viṣṇu the preserver. The process of reduction in the number of the superior deities goes further, and Brahmā falls practically into the background, leaving only Viṣṇu and Śiva as supreme beings for the worship of the people of India. By the time Hinduism penetrated southwards into the Tamil country, probably somewhere about 500 B.C., it had two main forms, the worship of Viṣṇu and the worship of Śiva, the two being not too sharply disconnected. The Tamil Hindu believed in the existence of both, but held his own god, whether Śiva or Viṣṇu, to be supreme. Hinduism seemed to be firmly established, but was dangerously shaken when the Jains and Buddhists spread over South India. Then came for the Vaiṣṇavites the teachers known as the Ālvārs, while Śaivism was defended by the poets of whose work this book gives specimens. Hinduism was saved, but it existed henceforth in two distinct forms, Vaiṣṇavism and Śaivism, separated by a wider gulf than in earlier days.

2. The portrait of Śiva and its interpretation.

Śiva as imagined by his worshippers has a human form, usually with one but occasionally with five or six heads. He has three eyes, the right one being really the sun, the left eye the moon, and the one in the middle of his forehead fire. His reddish hair is

matted in the ascetic way, and on it is the crescent moon, the Ganges, and one or more cobras, while wreathed about it is a garland of *konḍai* (*Cassia*) flowers. He has four arms, though occasional representations show eight, but one body and two legs. Commonly he is seated on a grey-coloured bull. In colour he is reddish, but his body is smeared over with white sacred ash. He holds in his hands various things such as a battle-axe, a deer, fire, a trident, a bow. Round his neck, which is dark, hangs a long necklace, the beads of which are skulls. At his waist he wears sometimes an elephant's hide, sometimes a tiger-skin, sometimes only a very scanty loin-cloth. Generally his consort, *Umā*, is at his left side, but sometimes he is pictured as half man and half woman, the right half (*Śiva*) being pink-coloured, and the left half (*Umā*) green or black. *Śiva*'s abode is said to be on Mount *Kailāsa* in the *Himālayas*, but among his special haunts is the burning-ground, where bodies are cremated. One of the favourite manifestations of *Śiva* is that as *Naṭarāja*, the dancer in the great hall at *Chidambaram*, of which we give a picture (see frontispiece). Here *Śiva* has one face, four arms, and two legs, performing a spirited dance. His right foot rests on a demon named *Muyalahan*. He is sometimes represented as dancing along with *Kālī*, not the *Kālī* who in North India is identified with *Umā*, but a she-devil feared in the South.

Doubtless each of these features in the manifestation of *Śiva* has its history, but that is unknown at present. The legends give fanciful explanations of most of them. The tiger's skin and the elephant's hide, for instance, are those which *Śiva* stripped from the wild animals sent against him by the magic of his

6 HYMNS OF TAMIL ŚAIVITE SAINTS

enemies the ṛishis of Darukāvana. But it is of more interest to find the religious ideas which these things suggest to a thoughtful Śaivite devotee to-day. The hides remind him that Śiva has all power, and all opposition to him is vain. That right foot of Naṭarāja set on Muyalahan means that God crushes down all evil. Those skulls in his necklace are the skulls of successive Brahmās, each of whom died after a life lasting many ages. This is a way of saying that while other gods at last come to their end, Śiva is eternal and unchanging. Śiva's dance suggests how easily, and how rhythmically, he performs his five functions of making, preserving, destroying, judging and purifying. And his dance in the burning-ground may sometimes carry the message that God becomes most real to men in the solemn hour when they part from their dead.

3. *Four common legends and their meaning.*

Of the many legends concerning Śiva four are so frequently alluded to in our poems that they should be told here, to avoid repeated explanatory notes.

1. Brahmā and Viṣṇu once saw a pillar of fire that seemed to grow from the depths of the earth and to pierce beyond the highest heavens. They longed to learn its depth and height, and agreed that Brahmā should become a swan to fly to the pillar's top, and Viṣṇu a boar to dig to its root. The swan flew up to the sky, but never reached the pillar's summit. The boar dug through the earth with his tusk, but never found where the pillar began. Brahmā and Viṣṇu perforce, acknowledged their limitations and prayed to the pillar, whereupon Śiva revealed himself, for the pillar was a form he had assumed. Not even the greatest and

wisest of creatures can by their searching find out God. But to the humble-hearted He reveals Himself.

2. Rāvaṇa, the ten-headed giant king of Ceylon, while on his conquering progress through many realms, came to the North of India and saw Kailāsa the silver mountain. Coveting its beauty he determined to uproot and transplant it to his own island. With his ten heads and twenty arms he tried to lift it from the earth, and Kailāsa shook. All the hosts of heaven, and even Umā, were terrified by what seemed to them an awful earthquake. But Śiva simply set his big toe upon the mountain, and lo, Rāvaṇa found himself being crushed to death. Repenting of his folly, Rāvaṇa prayed for mercy, and Śiva not only forgave him but even gave him fresh boons. For God pardons sinners who repent, and gives them blessings which before they did not know.

3. Three Asuras, or supernatural beings, once by doing penance obtained from Śiva three castles, one of gold, one of silver, and one of iron. These castles could fly at the owners' desire, and settle down on towns and villages, destroying many lives. In course of time the Asuras became very proud and ignored Śiva. Determining to punish them, Śiva mounted a chariot whose wheels were the sun and moon and whose seat was the earth. Brahmā was his charioteer, the four Vedas the horses, Mount Meru his bow, the ancient serpent Ādiśeṣha his bow-string, and Viṣṇu his arrow. At sight of these preparations the gods became conceited, thinking that Śiva could not destroy his enemies without them. Śiva knowing their thoughts simply laughed, and at that laugh the three castles were on the instant reduced to ashes.

8 HYMNS OF TAMIL ŚAIVITE SAINTS

Those who forget God in their pride must be punished. When those whom God uses as his instruments begin to think themselves indispensable to him, he shews that his purposes can be fulfilled without them.

4. The gods once began to churn the ocean in the hope of obtaining divine nectar. The mountain Mandāra was their churning-stick, the primeval tortoise the pivot on which the stick rested and turned, and the serpent Vāsuki was the churning-rope. As they churned, at first great and splendid things came up. But suddenly something black rose up and darkened the whole universe. It was a mass of poison, deadly alike to gods and men. In terror of destruction, the gods and demons called on Śiva. He came, drank the poison, and saved them all. That which was enough to destroy the universe could only stain his throat with a bluish colour. That is why Śiva is often called the "poison-necked" or "blue-throated" god. There is a link here, small but real, with the Christian teaching of God as ready to suffer for the sake of humbler beings.



(By permission of The Director, Colombo Museum)

SAMBANDAR

SAMBANDAR
AND HIS
HYMNS

I

SAMBANDAR

(Tamil: TIRU JÑĀNA SAMBANDAMŪRTI SWĀMĪ)

IN the first half of the seventh century A.D. the worship of Śiva was at its lowest ebb, overpowered by the Jainism and Buddhism which prevailed throughout the Tamil country. But a few pious Śaivites remained faithful. One of them, whose name means that his heart was laid at Śiva's foot, and who lived in the town in the Tanjore District now known as Shiyāli, prayed to the Śiva worshipped in the Shiyāli temple that he might be given a son who would dispel the godless dark and win men to Lord Śiva again. Sambandar's birth was the answer to that prayer. At the tender age of three, so orthodox Śaivites believe, this child was fed by Śiva's spouse with milk from her divine breast, mingled with divine wisdom, whence he is called in his full name, "The man connected with wisdom divine," Tiru Jñāna Sambandar.

He grew up to be a pilgrim poet, who visited most of the Śaivite shrines with which South India abounds, in each place singing the praise of the Śiva whom there he worshipped. The cause he loved suffered a severe blow when the great king of Madura, with many of his subjects, went over to the Jain religion. The queen-consort and her prime minister (see stanzas 20 and 21) remained faithful to Śaivism, and sent for Sambandar.

The lonely saint faced a vast multitude of Jains in the royal presence, conquered them in argument, and reconverted the king. Eight thousand of the stubborn Jains, with Sambandar's consent, were impaled alive. Later on, after a similar adventure in another of the three great kingdoms of the Tamil country of his time, Sambandar converted to Śaivism a crowd of Buddhist opponents.

This is about all that is known of a man who helped to sing Buddhism right out of Southern India, and who composed the collection of hymns which stands first among the canonical works of Śaivites. Legends make him a wonder-worker, but we must draw our knowledge of the man from his poems themselves. He certainly was skilful in the handling of the many metres in which Tamil poetry is written, and it is not impossible that his productions were as effortless as the stories of him tell. That is their weakness, for there is not very much of heart religion in them. But they seem to have powerfully helped in that process of eliminating Jainism and Buddhism from India of which we know so little, though it was complete enough to be one of the marvels of history. Their author holds the foremost place among the four great 'Śaivite Preceptors' (Śivāchāryar), and some call him the incarnation of one of the sons of Śiva.

His date seems to be one of the few clearly established dates in the history of the religion of the country. Stanza 19 shews that he was a contemporary of another great early Śaivite, whose name means "Little Servant of God," and who is known to have fought in a battle which took place in 642 A.D.

12 HYMNS OF TAMIL ŚAIVITE SAINTS

1. தோடுடையசெவியன்விடையேறியோர்தூவெண்
மதிசூழிக்
காடுடையசுடலைப்பொடிபூசியென் னுள்ளங்கவர்
கள்வ
னேடுடையமலரான்முனநாள்பணிந்தேத்தவருள்
செய்த
பீடுடையபிரமாபுரமேவியபெம்மானிவனன்றே.
2. உண்ணமுலையுமையாளொடுமுடனாகியவொருவன்
பெண்ணாகியபெருமான்மலைதிருமாமணிதிகழ
மண்ணார்ந்தனவருவித்திரண்மழலைம்முழுவதிரு
மண்ணுமலைதொழுவார்வினைவழுவாவண்ண
மறுமே.

We begin with the first verse which the author composed. According to the legends he uttered it at the age of three, on the banks of the temple tank at Shiyāli (once Bramāpuram), after Śiva's consort had fed him with milk from her own breast. The stanza itself of course contains no allusion to the story, but it is one of the best known verses in the Śaivite hymn-book.

1. His ears are beringed, He rideth the bull ;
 His head is adorned with the crescent moon's ray ;
 White is He with ash from the burning-ground swept;
 And He is the thief who my heart steals away.
 Great Brahmā enthroned on the lotus' full bloom
 Erstwhile bowed him down and His glory extolled,
 And singing received he the grace of our lord
 Who dwelleth in famed Bramāpuram old.
-

No pilgrimage in South India is more popular than that to Tiruvannāmalai in North Arcot, the temple by a hill celebrated in many poems. Śaivism has tried to express the existence of the 'eternal feminine' in deity by giving Śiva a lady who not only is His consort, but is actually a part of Him, and is so represented in many images, which show Śiva as masculine on one side and feminine on the other.

2. He is our only Lord, conjoined still
 To her whose breast no sucking lips have known.
 They who in Annāmalai's holy hill,
 Where falling waters noisy chatter down,
 And the hill glistens gem-like, bow before
 Our great one who is lord and lady too,
 Unfailingly for them shall be no more
 Dread fruit of good and bad deeds they may do.

14 HYMNS OF TAMIL ŚAIVITE SAINTS

3. பறையும்பழிபாவம்படுதயரம்பலதீரும்
பிறையும்புனலரவும்படுசடையெம்பெருமாணா
ரறையும்புனல்வருகானிரியலேசேர்வடகரைமேல்
நிறையும்புனைமடவார்பயில்நெய்த்தானமெனீரே.

One of the first puzzles to a student of Śaivism is the way in which each of the numerous shrines seems to be spoken of as if it were Śiva's exclusive abode. The broad river marked on English maps as the Cauvery, but in Tamil called the Kāviri, which brings so much blessing to a large part of South India that the respect in which it is held is not difficult to understand, is fringed throughout its length with shrines which are believed to confer the blessings of Śiva on all who visit them. One of these is 'Neyttānam,' 'Place of Ghee.'

3. So ye but say Neyttānam is the home

Of our great Lord who wears in His long hair
The crescent moon, the river, and the snake,
Neyttānam where chaste maidens gather fair,
On the north bank of Kāviri's loud stream,
Your vileness, guiltiness, the sin you dread,
Your sorrows many, shall be banished.

This specimen of a hymn connected with Palny in the Madura District alludes (in stanza 5) to the well-known legend which says in the Śaivite way that those who love God need not fear death. Mārkaṇḍeya was a boy devoted to Śiva, but over his life hung a terrible cloud, for the fates had decreed that he would not live beyond his sixteenth year. As the appointed time drew near his father lived in an agony of dread, but Mārkaṇḍeya, free from fear, spent all his time in the worship of Śiva. The god of Death came at last. Regardless of the fact that the boy was at worship he threw over him that noose which pulls out human life from the body. The boy clung to Śiva's lingam with both his hands. From within the lingam Śiva burst forth, kicked the terrible death-god and pierced him with his trident. So Mārkaṇḍeya was saved. The scene is sculptured on many temples.

16 HYMNS OF TAMIL ŚAIVITE SAINTS

4. வேதமோதிவெண்ணூல்பூண்டுவெள்ளையெரு
தேறிப்
பூதஞ்சூழப்பொலியவருவார்புலியி னூரிதோலார்
நாதாவென வுநக்காவென வுநம்பாவென நின் று
பாதந்தொழுவார்பாவந்தீர்ப்பார்பழன நகராரே.
5. கண்மேற்கண் ணுஞ்சடைமேற்பிறையுமுடையா
ர்காலனைப்
புண்ணுறுதிரமெதிராரோடப்பொன்றப்புறந்
தாளா
லெண்ணுதுதைத்தவெந்தைபெருமானிமவான்
மகனோடும்
பண்ணார்களிவண்டறைபூஞ்சோலைப்பழன நக
ராரே.
6. கற்றாங்கெரியோம்பிக்கலியைவாராமே
செற்றார்வாழ்தில்லைச்சிற்றம்பலமேய
முற்றுவெண்டிங்கண்முதல்வன் பாதமே
பற்றாநின்றாரைப்பற்றுவாவமே.

4. Holy Vedas chanting,
 Sacred thread He wears ;
 All His hosts surround Him
 Whom the white bull bears.
 Cometh He in splendour,
 Tiger-skin attired.
 ‘ Lord, our naked beggar
 Above all desired,’
 Cry ye in your worship,
 At His feet appeal.
 He who dwells in Palny
 All your sin will heal.

5. Three eyes hath His forehead,
 Fair moon crowns His hair ;
 When Death sought a victim,
 Śiva’s foot crashed there ;
 Gory streams of blood flowed,
 Death it was that died,
 Such is He, our Father,
 Umā at His side ;
 Dwells He aye in Palny,
 Where bees hum around
 Drunk with honeyed sweetness,
 Till its groves resound.

A multitude of hymns chant the glory of Chidambaram, ancient Tillai, holiest of all the Śaivite shrines. Pious Śaivites have for it a feeling not unlike the Jews’ feeling for Jerusalem. The tending of the sacrificial fire comes down from pre-historic times, being firmly established when the earliest hymns of the R̥g Veda were composed.

6. Tending as taught of old the sacrificial fire,
 At Tillai Brahmans pure drive out misfortune dire.
 There dwells the First of all, moon-crowned, and
 those who cleave
 For ever to His foot, no cleaving sin will grieve.

18 HYMNS OF TAMIL ŚAIVITE SAINTS

7. மறையானை மாசிலா ப்புன்சடை மல்குவெண்
பிறையானைப் பெண்ணொடாணாகியபெம்மானை
யிறையானை யேர்கொள்கச்சித்திருவேகம்பத்
துறைவானை யல்லதுள் காடுதன் துள்ளமே.

8. நன்றுடையானைத் தீயதில்லானை நரைவெள்ளே
றொன்றுடையானையுமையொருபாகமுடையானை
சென்றடையாத திருவுடையானைச் சிராப்பள்ளிக்
குன்றுடையானைக்கூறவென்னுள்ளங்குளிரும்தே.
9. குற்றநீகுணங்கணிகூடலாலவாயிலாய்
சுற்றநீபிராணுநீதொடர்ந்திலங்குசோதிநீ
கற்றநூற்கருக்துநீயருத்தமின்பமென்றிவை
முற்றநீபுகழ்ந்துமுன்னுரைப்பதென்முகம்மனே.

Conjeeveram, the ancient Tamil name of which is given in this stanza, though more famous as a Vaishṇavite than as a Śaivite shrine, offers in its temples a remarkable compendium of the religious history of South India. See the article 'Kānchipuram' in Dr. Hastings' 'Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics.'

7. He is the pith of holy writ ;
 And in the tangle of His hair
 The spotless crescent's ray is lit ;
 He is both Lord and Lady fair.
 He our great sovereign doth abide
 In Kachchi Ehambam's fair town.
 My mind can think of naught beside,
 Naught beside Him, and Him alone.
-

The next two stanzas, taken from two separate hymns associated with the great cities of Trichinopoly and Madura, both sacred places of Śaivism, are set side by side in order to bring out a point which even the most sympathetic student may not ignore. Śiva is commonly spoken of as all good, as in stanza 8, and yet not infrequently He includes, as in stanza 9, both good and its opposite. The pantheistic tendency even in these hymns causes God to be sometimes depicted as so all-embracing as to include evil as well as good.

8. All goodness hath He and no shadow of ill.
 Grey-white is His bull, fair Umā shares His form.
 His wealth is past searching. Chirāpaḷḷi's hill
 Is His, whom to praise keeps my heart ever warm.
9. Thou art right and Thou art wrong,
 Lord of holy Ālavāy ;
 Kinsman, I to Thee belong ;
 Never fades Thy light away.
 Thou the sense of books divine,
 Thou my wealth, my bliss art Thou,
 Thou my all, and in Thy shrine
 With what praises can I bow ?

20 HYMNS OF TAMIL ŚAIVITE SAINTS

10. ஆதியாயநான்முகனுமாலுமறிவரிய
சோதியானே நீதியில்லேன் சொல்லுவதுன்
றிமமே
ஒதிநாளுமுன்னையேத்துமென்னையினையவலம்
வாதியாமே வந்துநல்காய் வலிவலமேயவனே.

No one can know Śiva unless He chooses to reveal Himself. This thought constantly recurs with great emphasis. Its favourite expression is in the first legend of the four told in our introduction. Hymn singers are fond of contrasting with the vain search of Brahmā and Viṣṇu the revelation of Himself which Śiva has graciously granted to them. Compare stanzas 25 and 48.

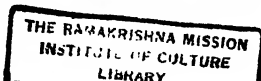
10. Thou Light whom Brahmā, being's fount, and
Viṣṇu could not see,
No righteousness have I, I only speak in praise of
Thee.
Come, Valivalam's Lord, let no dark fruit of deeds,
I pray,
Torment Thy slave who with his song extols Thee
day by day.
-

Astrology plays a large part in popular Hinduism, and the influence of baleful or auspicious stars must be reckoned with in daily life. Most baleful of all is the influence of the eclipse, which is caused by two dragons Rāhu and Kētu which swallow the moon or the sun. This stanza enumerates the nine planets, Sun, Moon, Mars, Mercury, Jupiter, Venus, Saturn, Rāhu and Kētu, and says that to the singer, who has Śiva in his heart, all of them, even the dragons of eclipse, are auspicious. It is a powerful and characteristically Hindu way of saying that all things work together for good to those who love God.

The reference to the bamboo constantly recurs in descriptions of ladies' beauty. Everyone who has seen a feathery clump of bamboo trees waving in the breeze will understand it as a symbol of delicate grace.

The vīṇa is the most delicate and beautiful instrument played in South India.

3928



22 HYMNS OF TAMIL ŚAIVITE SAINTS

11. வேயுறுதோளிபங்கன் விடமுண்டகண்டன் மிக
நல்லவினை தடவி
மாசுறுதிங்கள் கங்கைமுடிமேலணிந்தெனுள
மேபுகுந்தவதனா
னாயிறுதிங்கள் செவ்வாய்ப்புதன் வியாழம்வெள்ளி
சனிபாம்பிரண்டுமுடனே
யாசுறுநல்லநல்லவனவநல்லநல்லவடியாரவர்க்கு
மிகவே.

12. மந்திரமாவதுநீறுவானவர்மேலதுநீறு
சந்திரமாவதுநீறுதுதிக்கப்படுவதுநீறு
தந்திரமாவதுநீறுசமயத்தினுள்ளதுநீறு
செந்துவர்வாயுமைபங்கன் றிருவாலவாயான்
றிருநீறே.

11. She shares His form whose shoulders' curve vies
 with the bamboo's grace.
 His throat the poison drank, He touched the vīṇa
 into tune.
 The lustrous moon and Ganges crown His hair, and
 He a place
 Hath made Himself within my heart. Where-
 fore let shine the moon
 Or sun or any star of good or ill, or serpents twain.
 For Śiva's slave all are benign, all work for him
 great gain.
-

White ash from burnt cow-dung must be worn by all true Śaivites. Every day the worshipper, facing north-east and crying 'Śiva, Śiva,' must dip in the ash the fingers of his right hand and draw the three middle fingers from left to right along his forehead, so leaving three horizontal white lines. The ceremonial side of Śaivism is so prominent that this one stanza must be given, a specimen of many extolling the virtues and potencies of the ash.

The Tantras are works inculcating ceremonies, also magic performances and mystic rites. Some of these are of an immoral nature.

12. The sacred ash has mystic power,
 'Tis worn by dwellers in the sky.
 The ash bestows true loveliness.
 Praise of the ash ascends on high.
 The ash shows what the Tantras mean,
 And true religion's essence tells,
 The ash of Him of Ālavāy,
 In whom red-lippèd Umā dwells.

13. காதலாகிக்கசிந்துகண்ணீர்மல்கி
யோதுவார்தமைநன்னெறிக்குய்ப்பது
வேதநான்கினுமெய்ப்பொருளாவது
நாதனாம நமச்சிவாயவே.

14. சித்தந்தெளிவீர்கா, ளத்தனானரைப்
பத்திமலர்தூவ, முத்தியாகுமே.

15. பிறவியறுப்பீர்கா, ளறவனானரை
மறவாதேத்துமின், றறவியாகுமே.

16. துன்பந்துடைப்பீர்கா, ளன்பண்ணியானார்
நன்பொன்மலர்தூவ, வின்பமாகுமே.

Equally important with the wearing of the sacred ash is the constant repetition of the five syllables, or panchākshara, 'Namasivāya.' This, which means literally 'a bow to Śiva,' is the chief mantra or mystic utterance of Śaivism. In Śaivite catechisms a whole chapter is devoted to its uses.

13. Those who repeat it while love's tears outpour,
 It gives them life, and guides them in the way.
 'Tis the true substance of the Vedas four,
 The Lord's great name, wherefore 'Hail Śiva,'
 say.
-

The next three stanzas are from a hymn written in a very attractive short-lined metre, and promise light, freedom from rebirth, and bliss, through devotion to Śiva at Ārūr (now Tiruvallūr in the Tanjore District).

14. For the Father in Ārūr
 Sprinkle ye the blooms of love;
 In your heart will dawn true light,
 Every bondage will remove.
15. Him the holy in Ārūr
 Ne'er forget to laud and praise;
 Bonds of birth will severed be,
 Left behind all worldly ways.
16. In Ārūr, our loved one's gem,
 Scatter golden blossoms fair.
 Sorrow ye shall wipe away,
 Yours be bliss beyond compare.

17. சடையாயெனுமால்சரணீயெனுமால்
விடையாயெனுமால்வெருவாவிழுமால்
மடையார்குவனீம்மலரும்மருக
லுடையாய்தகுமோவிவளுண்மெவிலே.

18. புத்தரோடுபொறியில்சமனும்புறங்கூறநெறிநில்ல
வொத்தசொல்லவுலகம்பலிதேர்ந்தெனதுள்ள
ங்கவர்கள்வன்
மத்தயானைமறுகவ்வுரிபோர்த்ததேதார்மாயம்மி
துவென்னப்
பித்தர்போலும்பிரமாபுரமேவியபெம்மானிவ
னன்றே.

Associated with the hymn from which our next verse is taken is a story of the author, Sambandar, helping a sorrowing woman by raising to life the man she loved, who had been killed by snake-bite. The hymn makes no allusion to such a miracle, but it does give an example of intercession on behalf of another, an element which is somewhat rare in these devotional books.

17. Prostrate with fear at Thy feet she cries 'Lord
with matted hair, my Refuge, Rider of the bull!'
Lord of Maruhal where fresh water-lilies bloom, is
it right to leave her in this anguish of heart?
-

Our present writer's poems contain such frequent denunciations of Buddhism or Jainism that it is clear that they were written at a time when the struggle between Hinduism and these other religions was at its height. Buddhism and Jainism are scarcely known in South India to-day, though at one time they were supreme. It is probable that these songs helped not a little to drive them out of the country.

18. Those Buddhists and mad Jains may slander speak.
Such speech befits the wand'ers from the way.
But He who came to earth and begged for alms,
He is the thief who stole my heart away.
The raging elephant charged down at Him;
O marvel! He but took and wore its hide;
Madman men think Him, but He is the Lord
Who in great Bramāpuram doth abide.

19. பைங்கோட்டுமலர்ப்புன்னைப்பறவைகாள்பய
 ப்பூரச்
 சங்காட்டந்தவிர்த்தென்னைத்தவிராநோய்
 தந்தானே
 செங்காட்டங்குடிமேயசிறுத்தொண்டன்பணி
 செய்ய
 வெங்காட்டுளனலேந்திவிளையாடும்பெருமானே.

The "Little Servant of God" mentioned in the next verse is one of the 63 canonized saints of Śaivism. According to the collection of legends known as the *Periya Purāṇam*, which is a Tamil Śaivite classic, he fought at the battle of Vādāpi, the modern Badāmi, which took place in 642 A.D. There are other indications which strengthen the view that these hymns date from the seventh century A.D.

In the first three lines of the verse Śiva is conceived as a lover, and the devotee as the woman whom He loves. In India the pain of absence from a lover is supposed to cause spots to appear on the skin of the woman who loves.

19. Birds in the flowering green-branched punnai tree,
Love writeth clear its marks on me, for He
Who cured my grief, yet left unending pain.
Senkāṭṭankuḍi is His holy fane,
And there His "Little Servant" dwells, who now
And ever doth before Lord Śiva bow.
There in the burning-ground, with fire in hand,
Sporteth unceasingly our Master grand.

Another possible indication of date occurs in the next two verses, given in English prose because the Tamil names will not fit into English metres. The Mangaiyarkkarasi here mentioned was the wife of a king of Madura, Kūn Pāndiyan, known to history. According to the above-mentioned collection of stories, this king became a Jain. Then the queen and the prime minister named in our poem sent for Sambandar, our author, through whose efforts the king was reconverted, and all Jain teachers were executed by impaling. Unfortunately the date of Kūn Pāndiyan cannot at present be accurately determined. An able discussion of it can be seen in "The Tamilian Antiquary, No. 3."

20. மங்கையர்க்கரசிவளவர்கோன்பாவைவரிவனைக்
கைமடமானி
பங்கயச்செல்விபாண்டிமாதேவிபணிசெய்துநா
டொறும்பரவப்
பொங்கழலுருவன்பூதநாயகனாலேவதமும்பொ
ருள்களுமருளி
யங்கயற்கண்ணிதன்னொடுமமர்ந்தவாலவாயா
வதுமிதுவே.

3928

21. வெற்றவேயடியாரடியிசைவீழும்விருப்பினன்
வெள்ளைநீறணியுங்
கொற்றவன் றனக்குமந்திரியாயகுலச்சிறைகுலாவி
நின்றேத்து
மொற்றைவெள்ளிடையனும்பரார்தலைவனுலகினி
லியற்கையை ஒழிந்திட்
டற்றவர்க்கற்றசிவனுறைகின்றவாலவாயாவது
மிதுவே.

The explanation of the term 'Fish-eyed maid,' which sounds curiously in English ears, is that in Madura Siva's consort is called Minākshi, *i.e.* fish-eyed. The suggestion of the epithet, frequently applied to beautiful women, is that the motion of their eyes resembles the beautiful motion of a fish in water.

20. This is Ālavāy, where dwells the flame-formed lord of hosts, giver of the four Vedas and their meaning, with the fair fish-eyed maid. Here, reigning like the goddess of good fortune, Mangaiyarkkarasi the Chōḷa king's daughter, brace-letted chaste Pāṇḍiyan queen, daily serves and praises God.
-

The poem from which 20 and 21 are taken consists of stanzas like these alternately praising the queen and the king's minister, the last verse praising them both together.

21. This is Ālavāy, Śiva's abode. To those who forsake the world He reveals Himself as world-forsaking too. Head of the heavenly ones, He rides the one white bull. Praised is He by Kulachchirai, minister of that monarch who wears white ash, and loves to lay himself bare at the feet of Śiva's slaves.
-

Once, says a story, when Sambandar was about to contend with the Jains, the queen feared the consequences which might befall him, but he assured her in this verse that he could dare all when his God of Madura was on his side.

32 HYMNS OF TAMIL ŚAIVITE SAINTS

22. மானினேர்விழிமாதராய்வழுதிக்குமாபெருந்
தேவிகேள்
பானல்வாயொருபாலனீங்கிவனென் றுநீபரிவெய்
திடே
லாணைமாமலையா தியாயவிடங்களிற் பலவல்லல்சே
ரீனர்கட்கெளியேனலேன் றிருவாலவாயரனிற்கவே

23. செய்யனே திருவாலவாய்மேனிய
வையனே யஞ்சலென்றருள்செய்யெனைப்
பொய்யராமமணர்கொளுவுஞ்சடர்
பையவேசென் றுபாண்டியற்காகவே.

24. வாழ்க வந்தணர் வானவ ரானினம்
வீழ்க தண்புனல் வேந்தனு மோங்குக
ஆழ்க தீயதெல் லாமர னாமமே
சூழ்க வையக முந்துயர் தீர்கவே.

22. O fair one with the deer's glance meek,
 Pāṇḍya's great queen, think not of me
 As of some sucking infant weak,
 Because such wicked foes there be.
 If only Hara by me stand,
 Stronger am I than all their band.
-

The story here is that the Jains had set fire to Sambandar's house. He prayed in this stanza that the fire, transformed into a fever, might go to the Pāṇḍyan king, then a Jain. It did so, and the king was converted.

23. O Thou whose form is fiery red,
 In holy Ālavāy, our Sire,
 In grace deliver me from dread.
 False Jains have lit for me a fire :
 O, let it to the Pāṇḍyan ruler go,
 That he the torture of slow flame may know.
-

Our specimens of Sambandar's poetry may end with a verse which is a kind of benediction, often set as an auspicious word on the front page of a book.

24. Blest be the Brāhmins pure, the heavenly ones,
 and kine.
 Cool rain fall on the earth ! May the king's glory
 shine !
 Perish all forms of ill ! Let Hara's name resound !
 May sorrow pass away, from earth's remotest
 bound.



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APPARSWAMI

APPARSWAMI
AND HIS
HYMNS

II.

TIRUNĀVUKKARASU SWĀMI

(More commonly referred to as APPARSWĀMI)

SAMBANDAR, whose works we have been studying, had a friend older than himself, named Appar, or Tirunāvukkarasu, belonging to that Vellāḷa caste which to this day makes a very solid element in the population of the Tamil country. Left an orphan at an early age, Appar was brought up by a loving elder sister as a pious devotee of Śiva. Great was the sister's grief when Appar forsook the faith of his fathers and became a religious teacher among the Jains. But her earnest prayers at last prevailed, and Appar not only came back to Śaivism himself, but was the means of reconverting to Śaivism the king of his country. His full name was Tirunāvukkarasu, or 'King of the Tongue', but his young friend Sambandar called him Appar, or Father, and the name stuck to him. He too wandered throughout the Tamil country, sometimes alone, sometimes in company with Sambandar, singing his way from shrine to shrine. Pictures show him holding in his hand a little tool for scraping grass, with which he used to scrape the stones of the temple courts. The Jains persecuted him, and many stories tell of his miraculous escapes from their hands.

His hymns show a truly religious nature, with a deep-rooted sense of sin and need, and an exalted joy in God. There is real critical acumen in the old epigram which represents Śiva as appraising the three great writers of the Dēvāram, or Śaivite hymn-book :—
“Sambandar praised himself; Sundarar praised Me for pelf; My Appar praised Me Myself.”

25. திருவினாள் கொழுநஞ்ருந்திசை முகமுடையக
கோவும்
இருவருமெழுந் தும்வீழ்ந்துமிணையடி காணமா
ட்டார்
ஒருவனெயெம்பிரானேயுன்றிருப்பாதங்காண்பான்
அருவனெயருளவேண்டும்திகைவிரட்டனாரே.

26. கடவுந்திகிரிகடவாதொழியக்கயிலையுற்றான்
படவுந்திருவிரரொன்றுவைத்தாய்பனிமால்
வரைபோல்
இடபம்பொறித்தென்னையென்றுகொள்ளா
யிருஞ்சோலைதிங்கள்
தடவுங்கடந்தையுட்டுங்காணைமாடத்தெந்தத்
துவனே.

God, the essentially unsearchable, in His grace will reveal Himself to men. (See the first of the legends told in the Introduction.) Athihai Vīraṭṭānam, in the South Arcot District, is the shrine here commemorated.

25. Viṣṇu, spouse of Lakshmi, and four-ways-facing
 Brahm,
 Searched the heights and depths, but Thy feet
 could never see.
 Yet, O only Lord, who in Athihai dost dwell,
 Formless, in Thy grace, grant the sight of them
 to me.
-

The notable thing about our next verse is not so much the legend of the crushing of Rāvaṇa, who tried to storm the mountain Kailāsa, where Śiva had His heaven, but rather the thought of the devotee being stamped as the property of his god, a thought which recurs in other hymns. According to tradition Appar-swāmi did receive the Hindu equivalent of St. Francis' stigmata, the mark of Śiva's bull as if branded on his body. We cannot help recalling St. Paul's expression in Galatians vi. 17.

26. All other worlds his sceptre swayed,
 But when Kailāsa he would rule
 Thy crushing foot presumption paid.
 O stamp me with Thy sacred bull,
 White as Himāl'ya's snowy hill.
 Accept me, O our truth divine,
 There where the moon outsoareth still
 Groves of Tūṅānaimādam's shrine.

27. வடிவேறு திரிசூலந் தோன் றுந்தோன் றும்
 வளர்ச்சடைமேலிளமதியந் தோன் றுந்தோன் றுங்
 கடியேறுகமழ் கொன்றைக்கண்ணி தோன் றுங்
 காதில்வெண்குழைமேதோடுகலந்துதோன் றும்
 இடியேறுகளிற்றுரிவைப் போர்வைதோன் றும்
 எழிறிகழூந்திருமுடியுமிலங்கித்தோன் றும்
 பொடியேறுதிருமேனி பொலிந்துதோன் றும்
 பொழிறிகழும் பூவணத்தெம் புனிதனார்க்கே.

28. ஒருவனாயுலகேத்த நின்றநாளோ
 வோருருவேமூவுருவமானநாளோ
 கருவனாய்க்காமனைமுன் காய்ந்தநாளோ
 காமனையுங்கண்ணமுலால்விழித்தநாளோ
 மருவனாய் மண்ணும்விண்ணுந்தெரித்தநாளோ
 மான்மறிக்கையெந்தியோர் மாதோர்பாகந்
 திருவினைச் சேர்வதற்கு முன்னேபின்னே
 திருவாரூர்கோயிலாக்கொண்டநாளோ.

Here is the divine vision as the enraptured Śaivite sees it.

27. See, there His bright trident appears to me ;
 See, there is the moon in His tangled hair ;
 'His garland of flowers from the kondai tree,
 And the ear-ring white in His either ear,
 The cloak that He tore from the elephant wild,
 His glittering crown and His body's sheen.
 Ash-smear'd, He is ever the undefiled,
 In Pūvaṇam circled by groves all green.
-

The singer, standing at the shrine of Tiruvalur (Ārūr) in the Tanjore district, muses over the ancient connection of his lord with the holy place, suggesting that it began before the creation, before Śiva wrought his greatest marvels, perhaps even before the one Supreme, Īśvara, expanded into the triad Brahmā, Viṣṇu and Rudra.

28. When was that ancient day our Lord
 Chose Ārūr should His temple be ?
 Was't when He stood 'mid praising worlds
 Alone, or when the One grew three ?
 Was't when in wrath He burned up Death,
 Or turned on Lust His flaming eye ?
 Or when creative, immanent,
 He called to being earth and sky ?
 Was't when, his young deer in his hand,
 He came, with Umā as His part ?
 Or ere He joined that lady fair
 Took He our Ārūr to His heart ?

29. நீதியால்வாழமாட்டேனித்தலுந்தூயேனல்லேன்
 ஓதியுமுணரமாட்டேனுன்னையுள்வைக்கமாட்டேன்
 சோதியேசுடரேயுன்றன்நாமலர்ப்பாதங்காண்பான்
 ஆதியேயலைந்துபோனேனதிகைவீரட்டனாரே.
30. தெருளுமாதெருளமாட்டேன்நீவினைச்சுற்ற
 மென்னும்
 பொருளுளையழுந்திநாளும்போவதோர்நெறி
 யுங்காணேன்
 இருளுமாமணிகண்டாநின்னிணையடியிரண்டுங்
 காண்பான்
 அருளுமாறருளவேண்டுமதிகைவீரட்டனாரே.
31. உறுகயிறாசல்போலவொன்றுவிட்டொன்றுபற்றி
 மறுகயிறாசல்போலவந்துவந்துலவுநெஞ்சம்
 பெறுகயிறாசல்போலப்பிறைபுல்குசடையாய்
 பாதத்
 தறுகயிறாசலானேனதிகைவீரட்டனாரே.

It is often said, not without truth, that Hinduism fails to create a strong sense of sin. But there are great exceptions: witness the following verses, samples of many, taken from a hymn which trembles with feeling. The author is sunk in sin. Or he has been like a swing, flying first toward evil and then towards God; but now, joy! the cord has snapped, and he lies fixed at his Lord's feet. Yet the old mood returns; his soul is bound and drugged with sleep, and life has no joys to offer unless God will save.

THE SOUL'S BITTER CRY

29. In right I have no power to live,
 Day after day I'm stained with sin;
 I read, but do not understand;
 I hold Thee not my heart within.
 O light, O flame, O first of all,
 I wandered far that I might see,
 Athihai Virattānam's Lord,
 Thy flower-like feet of purity.
30. Daily I'm sunk in worldly sin;
 Naught know I as I ought to know;
 Absorbed in vice as 'twere my kin,
 I see no path in which to go.
 O Thou with throat one darkling gem,
 Gracious, such grace to me accord,
 That I may see Thy beauteous feet,
 Athihai Virattānam's Lord.
31. My fickle heart one love forsakes,
 And forthwith to some other clings;
 Swiftly to some one thing it sways,
 And e'en as swiftly backward swings.
 O Thou with crescent in Thy hair,
 Athihai Virattānam's Lord,
 Fixed at Thy feet henceforth I lie,
 For Thou hast broken my soul's cord.

44 HYMNS OF TAMIL ŚAIVITE SAINTS

32. கழித்திலேன் காமவெந்நோய்காதன்மையென்
 னும்பாசம்
 ஒழித்திலே னூன்கணைக்கியுணர்வெனுமிமைதிற
 ந்து
 விழித்திலேன்வெளிற்றுதே தான் றவினையெனுஞ்சர
 க்குக்கொண்டேன்
 அழித்திலேனயர்த்துப்போனேன திகைவீர
 ட்டனரே.
33. ஒம்பினேன்கூட்டைவாளாவுள்ளத்தோர்கொடு
 மைவைத்துக்
 காம்பிலாமுழைபோலக்கருதிற்றேமுகக்கமா
 ட்டேன
 பாம்பின்வாய்த்தேரைபோலப்பலபலநினைக்கின்
 றேனை
 யோம்பிநீய்யக்கொள்ளாயொற்றியூருடைய
 கோவே.
34. மனமெனுந்தோணிபற்றிமதியெனுங்கோலையுன்றிச்
 சினமெனுஞ்சரக்கையேற்றிச்செறிகடலோடும்
 போது
 மதனெனும்பாறைதாக்கிமறியும்போதறிய
 வெண்ணு
 துனையுனுமுணர்வைநல்காபியாற்றியூருடைய
 கோவே.

32. The bond of lust I cannot break ;
 Desire's fierce torture will not die ;
 My soul I cannot stab awake
 To scan my flesh with seeing eye.
 I bear upon me load of deeds,
 Load such as I can ne'er lay down.
 Athihai Viraṭṭānam's Lord,
 Weary of joyless life I've grown.
-

Fresh pictures in another hymn set forth his sad condition. God's vessels are full of the sweetness of grace, but his spoon has no handle. He feels himself in the deadly grasp of fate, like the frog in the cruel mouth of the snake which is slowly swallowing it down. Or he is on a raft on the sea of life, wrecked on the rock of lust.

33. While violence is in my heart,
 Care of my body cage is vain.
 My spoon no handle hath when I
 Thy honey's grace to drink am fain.
 As in the serpent's mouth the frog,
 Caught in life's terrors, wild I rave.
 Thou, King of holy Ottiyūr,
 Wilt Thou not care for me and save ?
34. When on life's angry waves I launch,
 My heart's the raft I take to me,
 My mind's the pole I lean upon,
 Vexation's freight I bear to sea.
 I strike upon the rock of lust !
 O then, though witless quite I be,
 Grant, King of holy Ottiyūr,
 Such wisdom that I think of Thee.

35. குலம்பொல்லேன் குணம்பொல்லேன் குறியும்பொ
ல்லேன்

குற்றமேபெரிதுடையேன்கோலமாய
நலம்பொல்லேனான் பொல்லேன் ஞானியல்லே
னல்லாரோடிசைந்திலேனடுவனின்ற
விலங்கலேன் விலங்கலாதொழிந்தேனல்லேன்
வெறுப்பனவுமிகப் பெரிதும்பேசவல்லேன்
இலம்பொல்லேனிரப்பதல்லால் ஈயமாட்டே
னென்செய்வான்றேன் றினே னேழையேனே

36. நில்லாதநீர்சடைமேனிற் பித்தானை
நினையாவென்னெஞ்சைநினைவித்தானைக்
கல்லாதனவெல்லாங்கற்பித்தானைக்
காணாதனவெல்லாங் காட்டினானைச்
சொல்லாதனவெல்லாஞ் சொல்லியென்னைத்
தொடர்ந்திங் கடியேனையாளாக்கொண்டு
பொல்லாவென்னேய்தீர்த்த புனிதன் றன்னைப்
புண்ணியனைப்பூந்துருத்திக்கண்டேனே.

It would be hard to find a more comprehensive confession of sin than our next stanza from another hymn.

35. Evil, all evil, my race, evil my qualities all,
Great am I only in sin, evil is even my good.
Evil my innermost self, foolish, avoiding the pure,
Beast am I not, yet the ways of the beast I can
never forsake.
I can exhort with strong words, telling men what
they should hate,
Yet can I never give gifts, only to beg them I know.
Ah! wretched man that I am, whereunto came I to
birth?
-

We give next a series of stanzas in various metres from different hymns, in which the saint utters in song some of the joy which his religion has brought him. God has revealed mysteries to him which tongue cannot tell, and dwells in his life's innermost places. God is to him the fabled katpaha tree, supplying his every need. God is his all in all, and His presence is sweeter than melody or evening moonlight.

36. The moving water He made stand unmoving in
His hair ;
And He my thoughtless heart hath fixed in
thought of Him alone ;
He taught me that which none can learn, what
none can see laid bare ;
What tongue tells not He told ; me He pursued
and made His own.
The spotless pure, the holy One, my fell
disease He healed,
And in Pūnturutti to me, e'en me, Himself
revealed.

48 HYMNS OF TAMIL ŚAIVITE SAINTS

37. திருவேயென் செல்வமேதேனேவானோர்
 செழுஞ்சுடரே செழுஞ்சுடர்நற்சோதிமிக்க
 உருவேயென்னுறவே யென் னானேயுனி
 னுள்ளமேயுள்ளத்தினுள்ளேநின்ற
 கருவேயென் கற்பகமே கண்ணேகண்ணிற்
 கருமணியே மணியாடுபாலாய்காவாய்
 அருவாயவல்வினேநோயடையாவண்ண
 மாவடுதண்டுறையுறையுமமரரேறே

38. அப்பனீ யம்மைநீ யையனூநீ
 யன்புடைய மாமனுமாமியுநீ
 ஒப்புடையமாதருமொன்பொருளுநீ
 யொருகுலமுஞ்சுற்றமுமோருருநீ
 துய்ப்பனவுமுய்ப்பனவுந்தோற்றுவாய்நீ
 துணையாயென்னெஞ்சந்துறப்பிப்பாய்நீ
 இப்பொன்னீ யிம்மணிநீ யிம்முத்துநீ
 யிறைவனீயே ழார்ந்தசெல்வனீயே.

39. மாசில் வீணையு மாலை மதியமும்
 வீசு தென்றலும் வீங்களவேனிலு
 மூசு வண்டறை பொய்கையும் போன்றதே
 ஈசு எனந்தை யிணையடி நீழலே.

37. O wealth, my treasure, sweetness, lustre fair of
 heavenly hosts,
 Of lustre glory that excels, embodied One, my
 kin,
 My flesh, yea heart within my flesh, image within
 my heart,
 My all-bestowing tree, my eye, pupil my eye
 within,
 Picture seen in that pupil, lord of Āḍuturai cool,
 Immortals' king, keep far from me strong pain
 of fruits of sin.

38. Thou to me art parents, Lord,
 Thou all kinsmen that I need,
 Thou to me art loved ones fair,
 Thou art treasure rich indeed.
 Family, friends, home art Thou,
 Life and joy I draw from Thee,
 False world's good by Thee I leave,
 Gold, pearl, wealth art Thou to me.

39. As the vīṇa's pure sound, as the moonlight at
 even,
 As the south wind's soft breath, as the spring's
 growing heat,
 As the pool hovered over by whispering bees,
 So sweet is the shade at our Father-Lord's feet.

50 HYMNS OF TAMIL ŚAIVITE SAINTS

40. நாமார்க்குங் குடியல்லோநமனை யஞ்சோ
 நரகத்திலிடர்ப்படோ நடலையிலோ
 மேமாப்பீபாம்பிணியறியோம் பணிவோமல்லோ
 மின்பமே பொநாளுந்நுன்பமிலை
 தாமார்க்குங் குடியல்லாத் தன்மையான
 சங்கரனற சங்கவெண்குழையோர் காதிற்
 கோமாற்கே நாமென்று மீளா வாளாய்க்
 கொய்ம்மலர்ச் சேவடியிணையே குறுகினோமே.

41. சங்கநிதிபனாநிதியிர ண்டிந்தந்த
 தரணியொடுவா னாக் தருவரே னு
 மங்குவாரவர் செல்வமதிப்போ மல்லோ
 மாதேவர்க்கேகாந்தரல்லராகில்
 அங்கமெலாங்குறைந்தழுதுகொழுநோயரா
 யாவுரித்துத்தின் றுழலுர்புலையே னுங்
 கங்கைவார்சடைக்கரந்தார்த் கன்பராகி
 லவர்கண்டிநாம்வணங்குங்கடவுளரே.

40. No man holds sway o'er us,
 Nor death nor hell fear we ;
 No tremblings, griets of mind,
 No pains nor cringings see.
 Joy, day by day, unchanged
 Is ours, for we are His,
 His ever, who doth reign,
 Our Śaṅkara, in bliss.
 Here to His feet we've come,
 Feet as plucked flow'rets fair ;
 See how His ears divine
 Ring and white couch-shell wear.
41. Though they give me the jewels from Indra's
 abode,
 Though they grant me dominion o'er earth, yea
 o'er heaven,
 If they be not the friends of our lord Mahadēv,
 What care I for wealth by such ruined hands
 giv'n ?
 But if they love Śiva, who hides in His hair
 The river of Gaṅga, then whoe'er they be,
 Foul lepers, or outcastes, yea slayers of kine,
 To them is my homage, gods are they to me.

Often the Hindu devotee asks and re-asks the fundamental question ' Who am I ? ', coming to the saddest of conclusions, but setting against the background of his delusive life of self the great reality of God, to worship whom is to find release from the prison-house of personality.

52 HYMNS OF TAMIL ŚAIVITE SAINTS

42. தந்தையார்தாயாருடன் பிறந்தார்
 தாரமார் புத்திரரார்தாந்தாமாரே
 வந்தவாறெங்ஙனேபோமாறேதோ
 மாயமாமிதற்கேது மகிழவேண்டா
 சிந்தையீருமக்கொன்று சொல்லக்கேண்மின்
 றிகழ்மதியும்வாளரவுந்திளைக்குஞ்சென்னி
 எந்தையார்திருநாமநமச்சிவாய
 வென்றெழுவார்க்கிருவிசம்பிவிருக்கலாமே.

43. தலையேரீவணங்காய்—தலை—மாலைதலைக்கணிந்து
 தலையாலேபலிதேருந்தலைவனைத்-தலையேரீணங்
 காய்

44. கண்காள் காண்மின்களோ-கட-னஞ்சண்டக
 ண்டன்றன்னை
 யெண்டோள் வீசிநின்றும் பிரான்றன்னைக்-க
 ண்காள் காண்மின்களோ,

42. Thy father, mother, brethren, wife,
 Ask thyself who are they ?
 Thy children ; yea, thy very self,
 Who art thou, canst thou say ?
 How cam'st thou here, how wilt depart ?
 Love not this world unreal.
 Ye anxious souls, this lesson learn,
 To one pure name appeal.
 Our father He, crowned with the moon
 And snake. Who Him adore,
 Prone lying, with " Hail Śiva, hail,"
 In heav'n live evermore.
-

Our next hymn with the short-lined verses (nos. 43 to 48) is a kind of Śaivite consecration hymn, mentioning successively various parts of the body—head, eyes, ears—to be given to the worship of Śiva. Verse 46 must sound sadly to a Śaivite, for it is frequently sung in the ears of the dying, as a plaintive appeal to think of God. Verse 47 rises far above the usual ideas of future absorption to the thought of a blissful state of communion with and praise of God.

43. Head of mine, bow to Him,
 True Head, skull garlanded,
 A skull was His strange begging-bowl,
 Bow low to Him, my head.
44. Eyes of mine, gaze on Him
 Who drank the dark sea's bane.
 Eight arms He brandishes in dance,
 At Him agaze remain.

54 HYMNS OF TAMIL ŚAIVITE SAINTS

45. செனிகாள் தேண்மின்களோ-சிவ-னெம்மிறை செ
ம்பவள
மெரிபோன் மேனிப்பிரான் நிறமெப்போதுஞ்-
செனிகாள் தேண்மின்களோ.
46. உற்றாராருள ரோ-உயிர்-கொண்டுபோம்பொழுது
குற்றாலத்துறை கூத்தனல்லாநமக் குற்றாராரு
ளரோ.
47. இறுமாந்திருப்பன்கொ லோ ஈசன்-பல்கணத்தெ
ண்ணப்பட்டுச்
சிறுமானேந்திதன் தேவடி க் கீழ்ச்சென்றங் கிறு
மாந்திருப்பன்கொ லோ
48. தேடிக்கண்டுகொண்டேன் - நிரு-மாலொடுநான்
முகனூந்
தேடித்தேடொணுத் தேவனை யென்னுள்ளே தே
டிக்கண்டுகொண்டேன்.

45. Ears of mine, hear His praise,
 Śiva, our flaming king.
 Flaming as coral red His form :
 Ears, hear men praises sing.
46. What kinsmen in that hour
 When life departs, have we ?
 Who but Kuṭṭālam's dancing lord
 Can then our kinsman be ?
47. How proud shall I be there,
 One of His heavenly host,
 At His fair feet who holds the deer,
 How proud will be my boast !
48. I sought Him and I found.
 Brahm sought in vain on high.
 Viṣṇu delved vainly underground.
 Him in my soul found I.

The mystic can never be a satisfied ceremonialist. These Śaiyite devotees commonly praise the god of a particular shrine in language which might suggest that Śiva is only to be found there. And everyone who knows India remembers the ceaseless streams of pilgrims journeying to the Ganges or the Cauvery (Tamil Kāviri), to Ramēśwaram or Cape Comorin or a hundred other holy places. But with a fine inconsistency these ancient singers sometimes point men away from externalities to a worship inward and spiritual; witness the following hymn. As to the terms used in v. 50, Vedas are the religious works of the highest authority, Śāstras are philosophical and practical works based on them, while Vēdāṅgas are sciences subordinate to the Vedas, and there are six of them.

56 HYMNS OF TAMIL ŚAIVITE SAINTS

49. கங்கையாடி லென் காவிரியாடி லென்
கொங்குதண்குமரித் துறையாடி லெ
னெங்குமாகடலோ தரீராடி லெ
னெங்குமீசனெனாதவர்க்கில்லையே.
50. வேதமோதிலென் சாத்திரங்கேட்கிலெ
னீதிநூல்பலரித்தல்பயிற்றிலெ
னேதியங்கமோராறுமுணரிலெ
னீசனையுள்குவார்க்கன்றியில்லையே.
51. காணநாடுகலந்துதிரியிலெ
னீனமின்றியிருந்தவஞ்செய்யிலெ
னூனையுண்டலொழிந்துவாடுனாக்கிலென்
னானென்பவர்க்கன்றியில்லையே.
52. நன்றுநோற்கிலென் பட்டினியாகிலென்
குன்றமேறியிருந்தவஞ்செய்யிலென்
சென்றுநீற்குளித்துத்திரியிலெ
னென்றுமீசனென்பார்க்கன்றியில்லையே.

49. Why bathe in Gaṅga's stream, or Kāviri ?
 Why go to Comorin in Koṅgu's land ?
 Why seek the waters of the sounding sea ?
 Release is theirs, and theirs alone, who call
 In every place upon the Lord of all.
50. Why chant the Vedas, hear the Śāstras' lore ?
 Why daily teach the books of righteousness ?
 Why the Vēdāṅgas six say o'er and o'er ?
 Release is theirs, and theirs alone, whose heart
 From thinking of its Lord shall ne'er depart.
51. Why roam the jungle, wander cities through ?
 Why plague life with unstinting penance hard ?
 Why eat no flesh, and gaze into the blue ?
 Release is theirs, and theirs alone, who cry
 Unceasing to the Lord of wisdom high.
52. Why fast and starve, why suffer pains austere ?
 Why climb the mountains, doing penance harsh ?
 Why go to bathe in waters far and near ?
 Release is theirs, and theirs alone, who call
 At every time upon the Lord of all.

It looks like a sudden drop when the same writer in our next hymn seems to say that everything depends upon the pronunciation of the five sacred syllables which can be translated 'Hail, Śiva!' In the later development of Śaivism the pronunciation of these syllables was exalted into a primary religious duty. But in the creative period in which these hymns were written the name probably stood for the person, so that we have here a religious 'calling upon the name of

53 சொற்றுணைமீவதிபன்மீசுதிவானவன்
பொற்றுணைதிருந்தடிபொருந்தக்கைதொழுக்
கற்றுணைப்பூட்டியேயார்கடலிற்பாய்ச்சினுந்
நற்றுணையாவதுநமச்சிவாயவே

54 பூளிணுக்கருங்கலம்மொங்குதாமரை
யாளினுக்கருங்கலம்அரனஞ்சாடுதல்
கோவிணுக்கருங்கலம்மீகாட்டமில்லது
நாவிணுக்கருங்கலநமச்சிவாயவே.

55 வெந்தரீறருங்கலம்விரதிகட்கெலா
மந்தணர்க்கருங்கலம்ருமறையாறங்கந்
திங்களுக்கருங்கலந்திகழுநீண்முடி
நங்களுக்கருங்கலநமச்சிவாயவே.

the Lord' in the devotion of worship. In the first stanza there is a remarkable use of the term 'Word.' Modern Śaivites identify this 'Word' with Uṃā, Śiva's consort. We can compare the Sanskrit Vak (Word) in the Rīg Vēda.

The last lines of verse 53 are connected in the minds of Śaivites with a story that Apparswāmi was actually sunk in the sea by Jain persecutors, with two great stones tied to him, but on crying 'Hail, Śiva!' he floated to the surface.

The five products of the cow referred to in verse 54 are all used together in ceremonial purification—milk, curds, ghee, urine, and dung.

53. O Lord of Scripture, whom the Word doth help,
Celestial light of heaven, so I but praise,
With hands meetly upraised, Thy golden feet,
Then though men tie on me two weighty stones,
And sink me in the ocean's depth, e'en then
The cry 'Hail, Śiva,' would salvation be.

54. The lotus is the glory of all flowers ;
The glory of all kine is Hara's use
Of that which they put forth. Glory of kings
Is the unswerving straightness of their deeds.
But if we ask the glory of the tongue,
'Tis to cry out aloud, 'Hail, Śiva, hail.'

55. For men who all renounce, 'tis glory true
To wear the sacred ash. For Brāhman pure
The Vēdas and Vēdaṅgas are their pride.
The white moon's glory is to shine serene
On the long locks of Śiva, while for us
True glory is to cry 'Hail, Śiva, hail.'

60 . HYMNS OF TAMIL ŚAIVITE SAINTS

56 கூற்றாயினவாறுவிலக்ககிலீர் கொடுமைபலசெய்
தனநானறியே
னேற்றாயடிக்கேயிரவும்பகலும் பிரியாதுவணங்கு
வனெப்பொழுதுந்
தோற்றுதென்வயிற்றினகம்படியே குடரோடுதொ
டக்கிமுடக்கியிட
ஆற்றேனடியேனதிகைக்கெடில வீரட்டானத்து
றையம்மானே .

57 மாதர்ப்பிறைக்கண்ணியானைமலையான்மகளொடும்
பாடிப்
போதொடுநீர்சுமந்தேத்திப்புருவாரவர்பின்புகு
வேன்
யாதுஞ்சுவடுபடாமலையாறடைகின்றபோது
காதன்மடப்பிடியோடுங்களிறுவருவனகண்டேன்
கண்டேனவர்திருப்பாதங்கண்டறியாதனகண்
டேன் .

Tradition connects our next stanza with a story of Apparswāmi being smitten with an inward disease when he forsook Śaivism and became a Jain. The pain proved, says the legend, a convincing argument which reconverted him, whereupon he was promptly cured. But internal evidence proves this hymn to have been composed long after his return to Śaivism. Nandi is the name of Śiva's bull.

56. Thou takest not my deadly pain away,
 My torments, Nandi-rider, never cease ;
 At Thy feet would I worship night and day,
 But since my bowels writhe, and ne'er find peace,
 I can no more ! O Sire, to Thee I cry,
 Who dwell'st by Keḍila, in Athihai.
-

Nature sometimes spoke to our author of God. The union of sexes even in animals one day spoke to him as a revelation of divine things.

57. I'll follow those who going to the shrine their
 praises sound,
 With blooms and water for the god who wears
 the moon so mild
 All lovely in His locks, a garland wreathed His
 neck around,
 And with Him sing they Pārvati, the mountain
 god's fair child.
 Once as I went to Aiyāru, with light and
 reverent tread,
 I saw come two young elephants, male by
 loved female led,
 And in that sight I saw God's foot, saw
 secret things unsaid.

58 நம்புகேனபெய்க்கள்கோவேநாதகேனயாதிழர்த்தி
 பங்கனேபரமயோகியென்றென்றேற்பாநிநாளுஞ்
 செம்பொனேபவளக்குன்றேதிசுழ்மலர்ப்பாநங்
 காண்பா
 னன்புகேனயலெந் துமேபாடுனைநதிசைகவீரட்டனாரே.

59 பண்ணிரீனார்மொழியாளுரைபயக்கிரீர
 மண்ணினார்வலஞ்செய்மறைக்காடிரீர
 கண்ணினாவுமைக்காணர்கதவினைத்
 திண்ணமாசுத்திறந்தருள்செய்மிடிரீன.

God is the great yogi, the wielder of mystic powers.

58. "O greatly loved, our King, our Lord, from all eternity,
 Our portion, our true mystic," thus from day to day I sing.
 O golden one, O hill of coral, I in love of Thee
 Have wandered far and wide, Athihai Virattānam's king,
 Have wandered far the shining blossom of Thy foot to see.

One whole hymn, from which our next verse is taken, is a prayer for the opening of a door. Tradition has it that the great locked temple door at Vedaraṇyam swung open in answer to this song.

59. Uma is Thy portion, whose words are like song.
 In fair Maraikkaḷu men circle round Thee
 In worship. O graciously open this door
 That we Thy true servants Thy glory may see.

Here is a very popular stanza. There used to be a beggar in Madras who recited it, and it alone, all day long.

64 HYMNS OF TAMIL ŚAIVITE SAINTS

60 அரியாணையந்தணர்தஞ் சிந்தையாணை
யருமறையி னகத்தாணை யணுவையார்க்குந்
தெரியாததத்துவனைத் தேனைப்பாலேத்
திகழொளியைத்தேவர்கடங்கோணை மற்றைக்
கரியாணை நான்முகனைக்கனலை க்காற்றைக்
கனைகடலைக்குலவரையைக்கலந்துநின்ற
பெரியாணைப்பெரும்பற்றப்புலியூராணைப்
பேசாதநாளெல்லாம் பிறவாநாளே.

61 உழையுரித்த மாணுரிதோலாடையானே
யுமையவடம்பெருமானே யிமையோரேறே
கழையிறுத்தகருங்கடனஞ்சுண்டகண்டா
கயிலாயமலையானேயுன்பாலன்பர்
பிழைபொறுத்தியென்பதுவும் பெரியோய்நின்றன்
கடனன்றே பேரருளுன் பாலதன்றே
அழையுறுத்து மாமயில்களாடுஞ்சோலை யாவடு
தண்டுறையுறையுமமரேறே.

60. He is ever hard to find, but He lives in the thought
 of the good ;
 He is the innermost secret of Scripture, inscrutable,
 unknowable ;
 He is honey and milk and the shining light. He
 is the king of the Devas,
 Immanent in Viṣṇu, in Brahmā, in flame and in
 wind,
 Yea in the mighty sounding sea and in the moun-
 tains.
 He is the great One who chooses Perumpattapulī-
 yūr for His own.
 If there be days when my tongue is dumb and
 speaks not of Him,
 Let no such days be counted in the record of my
 life.
-

Whatever karma may teach of the inevitable conse-
 quence of evil, devotees hold that they may count on
 receiving divine forgiveness, for which the gracious
 nature of God is a sufficient pledge and guarantee.

61. Thy throat the black sea's poison drank, as 'twere
 ambrosia sweet,
 O deer-skin wearer, Umā's lord, king of the gods
 on high ;
 Kailāsa's hill is Thine abode, and when Thy
 lovers cry
 " Forgive our sin," great One, forgiveness is Thy
 duty meet ;
 For with Thee is great grace, lord of celestial
 beings all,
 Who dwell'st in Āvaḍuṭurai, where peacocks
 dance and call.

- 62 திருக்கோயிலில்லாத திருவிவாசுநர்
 திருவெண்ணீ றணியாத திருவிவாசுநர்
 பருக்கோடிப்பத்திமையாற் பாடாஆரும்
 பாங்கினைபலதளிகளில்லாஆரும்
 விருப்போடுவெண்சங்கமுதாஆரும்
 விதானமும் வெண்கொடியுமில்லாஆரும்
 அருப்போடு மலர்பறித்திட்டுண்ணாஆரும்
 அவையெல்லாமுரல்லவடவிகாடே.
- 63 திருநாமமஞ்செழுத்துஞ் செப்பாராகிற்
 மீவண்ணர் திறமொருகாற்பேசாராகில்
 ஒருகாலுந்திருக்கோயில் சூழாராகில்
 உண்பதன்முன் மலர்பறித்திட்டுண்ணாராகில்
 அருநோய்கள்கெடவெண்ணீ றணியாராகி
 லளியற்றார் பிறந்தவாறேதோவென்னிற்
 பெருநோய்கண்மிகநலியப் பெயர்த்துஞ்செத்துப்
 பிறப்பதற்கே தொழிலாகியிறக்கின்றாரே.
- 64 மக்களேமணந்த தாரமவ்வயிற்றவரை யோம்புஞ்
 சிக்குளையழுந்தியீசன் றிறம்படேன் றவமதோரேன்
 கொப்புளேபோலத்தோன்றி யதனுளேமறையக்
 கண்டு
 மிக்களே பரத்தை யோம்ப வென்செய்வான் றேன்
 றினேனே.

The dreadful fate in store for irreligious men that is of being slowly killed by sore sickness, then being born again to a joyless life that circles round once more to death in unending cycles of dreariness.

The 'letters five' in no. 63 refer to the five-syllabled phrase na-mah-Śi-vā-ya, whose praise is chanted in vv. 53-55.

62. The ill-starred town without a house of God,
 Wherein white ash on no man's brow doth glow,
 The town where pious praises are unsung,
 Where are no wayside shrines men's faith to show,
 Where none blow joyfully the conch-shell white,
 Where spread no canopies, no flags appear,
 Where none make flowery offerings ere they eat,
 Call it no town, 'tis but a jungle drear.

63. If men speak not His name in letters five,
 Nor e'er the fire-formed Śiva's praise repeat,
 And never walk in reverence round His shrine,
 And pluck no flowers for offering ere they eat,
 If they for healing wear no sacred ash,
 I'll tell you whereunto such men were born,
 'Twas that foul plagues might torture them to death,
 Then death bring rebirths endlessly forlorn.

Our last fragment from Apparswāmi is in the minor key, in which so many of his refrains are pitched. It seems to prove, contrary to tradition, that Appar was once a married man.

64. Immersed in painful cherishing
 Of child and wedded wife,
 No room is there in me to feel
 Thy power, Lord of my life.
 O whereunto came I to birth?
 To cherish this false world?
 Or watch it, bubble-like, appear,
 Then be to nothing hurled?



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SUNDARAMŪRTI

SUNDARAMŪRTI SWĀMI
AND HIS
HYMNS

III.

SUNDARAMŪRTI SWĀMI

(Abbreviated as SUNDARAR)

THE third of these hymn-writers, named in full Sundaramūrti Swāmi, was, like Sambandar, a Brahman. He was born in the South Arcot District, and is generally believed to have flourished in the first quarter of the ninth century A.D. He evidently sat loose to caste scruples, for neither of his two wives was a Brahman. One was a dancing-girl in the Śaivite temple at Tiruvārūr, the modern Tiruvalur in the Tanjore District, while the other was a Vēlāḷa woman of Tiruvottiyūr, now a suburb of Madras. His life seems to have been no happier than life in polygamy usually is, and to add to his difficulties he sometimes found himself without food for his ladies to eat. He frankly praised God for what he could get, and on the whole his hymns are on a lower spiritual plane than those of the first two writers, though there are some which bear the marks of real spiritual experience. Of the sixty-three saints whom Śaivites hold in special honour, Sundarar seems to have been the last, for he sang the praises of the other sixty-two.

65 நற்றமிழ்வல்ல ஞானசம்பந்த
 ஞானினுக்கரையனோப் போவா னுங்
 கற்றகுதனற்சாக்கியன் சிலந்தி
 கண்ணப்பன் கணம்புல்லனென் றிவர்கள்
 குற்றஞ்செய்யி னுங்குணமெனக்கருதுங்
 கொள்ளை கண்டுநின் குரைகழலடைந்தேன்
 பொற்றிரண்மணிக்கமலங்கள் மலரும்
 பொய்கைகுழ்திருப்புன் கூருளானே.

66 பொன்னார்மேனியனே புலித்தோலையரைக்கசைத்து
 மின்னார்செஞ்சடைமேல்மிளிர்கொன்றையணிந்த
 வனே
 மன்னே மாமணியே மழபாடியுண்மாணிக்கமே
 யன்னே யுன்னே யல்லாளினியாரைநினைக்கேனே.

Sundarar, as our first sample of him shews, was not only later than the two authors whom we have been studying; he was the last of the sixty-three canonized saints of Śaivism. A serious weakness of the religion here shews its head. Śiva has his favourites, who can do no wrong. The stanza is given in prose, for these names cannot fit into any English metrical line. The first two will be recognised as names of the poets whose work we have been considering. Nālaippōvān is Nandan, the pariah saint. Silandi (= spider) is Kōchchēngat Chola, who figures largely in early Tamil history.

65. Nānasambandar and Tirunāvukkarasar, skilled in the Tamil tongue, Nālaippōvān, learned Sūdan, Sākkiyan, Silandi, Kaṇṇappan, Kaṇampullan, these may do wrong, but yet Thou count'st it right. Hence have I come to the sounding anklets of Thy feet, O lord of Tiruppungūr with its pools where blossoms many a golden lotus gem.
-

To English ears the metre of the next two verses, which are common favourites, has a curious sound. It is a close reproduction of the Tamil, so close that the tune of the Tamil hymn could be sung to the English words.

66. Golden art Thou in Thy form, girt around with the
fierce tiger's skin,
Fair shines Thy tangle of hair, crowned with blooms
from the kondai's bright tree,
Sov'reign, great jewel art Thou, the red ruby of
Maḷapāḍi,
Mother, on Thee, none but Thee, can my heart
evermore fixèd be.

74 HYMNS OF TAMIL SĀIVITE SAINTS

67 கீளார்கோவணமுந்திருநீறுமெய்ப்பூசியுன்றன்
 றுளேவந்தடைந்தேன்றலவாவெனையேன்றுகொண்
 வாளார்கண்ணிபங்காமழபாடியுண்மாணிக்கமே
 கேளாநின்னையல்லாவினியாரைநினைக்கேனே.

68 பத்திமையுமடிமையையுங்கைவிடுவான் பாவியேன்
 பொத்தினநோயதுவிதனைப்பொருளறிந்தேன்
 போய்த்தொழுவேன்
 முத்தினை மாமணிதன்னைவயிரத்தைமுர்க்கனேன்
 எத்தனைநாள்பிரிந்திருக்கேனென்னுருநிறை
 வனையே.

69 பித்தாபிறைசூடபெருமானேயருளாளா
 வெத்தான்மறவாதேநினைக்கின்றன்மனத்துன்னை
 வைத்தாய்பெண்ணைத்தென்பால்வெண்ணெய்நல்லூ
 ரருட்டுறையு
 னத்தாவுனக்காளாயினியல்லேனெனலாமே.

67. Clad in the little lorn-cloth, my body with holy ash
white,
Lo I have come to Thy foot ; O my head, I beseech
Thee, take me.
Portion of sword-eyed Umā, Thou red ruby of
Maḷapāḍi,
Friend, 'tis on Thee, none but Thee, can my heart
evermore fixed be.
-

Is the Śiva manifested at one shrine so distinct from
the Śiva manifested at another as to endanger the unity
of God? If tradition is right, the danger is very real,
for Sundarar was already worshipping at one shrine,
Tiruvottiyūr, when he remembered the lord of Ārūr,
and deciding to go to him like a returning prodigal,
sang this stanza.

68. Ah sinful, I have left the path of love and service
pure !
Now know I well the meaning of my sickness
and my pain.
I will go worship. Fool ! how long can I so far
remain
From Him, my pearl, my diamond rare, the king
of great Ārūr.
-

The joy in God which shines in our next hymn
evidently rests on some experience of divine grace which
we should have liked to hear more definitely described.

69. O madman with the moon-crowned hair,
Thou lord of men, thou fount of grace,
How to forget Thee could I bear ?
My soul hath aye for Thee a place.
Venney-nallūr, in " Grace's shrine "
South of the stream of Pennai, there
My father, I became all thine ;
How could I now myself forswear ?

76 HYMNS OF TAMIL SĀIVITE SAINTS

70 நாயேன்பலநாளுநினைப்பின் நிமன த்துண்ணைப்
பேயாய்த்திரிந்தெய்த்தேன்பெறலாகாவருள்பெற்
றேன்
வேயார்பெண்ணைத்தென்பால்வண்ணெய்நல்லூர
ருட்டுறையு
ளாயாவுனக்காளாயினியல்லேனெனலாமே.

71 முடியேனினிப்பிறவேன்பெறின்மூவேன்பெற்ற
மூர்தீ
கொடியேன்பலபொய்யேயுரைப்பேனைக்குறிக்
கொண்ணீ
செடியார்பெண்ணைத்தென்பால்வண்ணெய்நல்
லூரருட்டுறையு
ளடிகேளுனக்காளாயினியல்லேனெனலாமே.

72 மற்றுப்பற்றெனக்கின் றிரின் றிருப்பாதமேமனம்
பாவித்தேன்
பெற்றலும்பிறந்தேனினிப்பிறவாததன்மைவந்தெ
ய்தினேன்
கற்றவர்தொழுதேத்துஞ்சீர்க்கறையூறிற்பாண்டிக்
கொடுமுடி
நற்றவாவுனைநான் மறக்கினுஞ்சொல்லுநாநமச்சி
வாயவே.

70. I roamed, a cur, for many days
 Without a single thought of Thee,
 Roamed and grew weary, then such grace
 As none could win Thou gavest me.
 Venṇey-nallūr, in "Grace's shrine"
 Where bamboos fringe the Pennai, there
 My Shepherd, I became all thine;
 How could I now myself forswear ?

71. Henceforth for me no birth, no death,
 No creeping age, bull-rider mine.
 Sinful and full of lying breath
 Am I, but do Thou mark me Thine.
 Venṇey-nallūr, in "Grace's shrine"
 South of the wooded Pennai, there
 My Master, I became all thine;
 How could I now myself forswear ?

The varying mood of the saint, now joyous and triumphant, now plaintively looking for death, is reflected in the next two verses from one hymn.

72. Linked to naught else in life, my mind thinks only
 of Thy holy feet.
 I'm born anew, from this time forth I pass the
 way of birth no more.
 In Koḍumuḍi, lord austere, where wise men Thee
 with praises greet,
 Should I forget Thee, my own tongue 'Hail,
 Śiva' ! crying, would adore.

78 HYMNS OF TAMIL SĀIVITE SAINTS

73 ஓவுநாளுணர்வழியுநாளுயிர்போகுநாளுயர்பாடை
மேற்

காவுநாளிவையென்றலாற்கருதேன்கிளர்புனற்கா
விரிப்

பாவுதண்புனல்வந்திழிபரஞ்சோதிபாண்டிக்கொ
டுமுடி

நாவலாவுணைநான்மறக்கினுஞ்சொல்லுநாநமச்சி
வாயவே.

74

அந்தணைனுன் னடைக்கலம்புகுத

வவணைக் காப்பது காரணமாக

வந்தகாலன் றனாருயிரதனை

வவ்வினாய்க்குன்றன் வன்மைகண்டடியேன்

எந்தைநீயெனைநமன்றமர்நலியி

லிவன்மற்றென்னடியானெனனிலக்குஞ்

சின்தையால்வந்துன்றிருவடியடைந்தேன்

செழும்பொழிற்றிருப்புன்கூருளானே.

73. When will the end draw nigh, sense fade, life
 close, and I the bier ascend?
 This, naught but this, is all my thought. But,
 lord of speech, Thou light on high,
 Where the bright streams of Kāviri to Koḍumuḍi
 coolness lend,
 Should I forget Thee, my own tongue to Thee
 would loud 'Hail, Śiva' cry.
-

God should deliver His own from death. The appeal here is to the familiar story of Markandeya (see No. 3). Yama is the god of death who gathers in the souls of men.

74. The young saint refuge sought from Death;
 To save him, Thou grim Death did'st slay,
 Such deeds Thy might accomplisheth,
 And I who have beheld them pray
 "O Father, should dread Yama press
 On me, forbid him. 'Tis my slave';
 Do Thou in green Pungūr confess.
 I've reached Thy foot, and Thou can'st save."
-

Sundarar is sure that Śiva will understand his perplexities in supplying the needs of his fair ladies. For does not Śiva Himself bear the burden of two ladies, Pārvati his consort, and Gangā (lady Ganges) in his hair? Sundarar, in the legend with which these verses are connected, when one of his wives was suffering hunger, miraculously received some uncooked rice from Śiva. This was not enough; to complete the miracle Śiva must remove the rice for him to Ārūr the abode of his fair one. This too was done in answer to the hymn of which the next two stanzas are a sample.

80 HYMNS OF TAMIL SAIVITE SAINTS

75 நீளநினைந்தடியேனுமைநித்தலுங்கைதொழுவேன்
வாளனகண்மடவாளவள்வாடிவருந்தாமே
கோளிலியம்பெருமான்சூண்டையூர்ச்சிலநெல்லு
ப்பெற்றே
னாளிலையம்பெருமானவையட்டித்தரப்பணியே.

76 பாதியோர்பெண்ணைவைத்தாய்படருஞ்சடைக்கங்
கைவைத்தாய்
மாதர்நல்லார்வருத்தமதுநீயுமறிதியன்றே
கோதில்பொழில்புடைசூழ்குண்டையூர்ச்சிலநெல்
லுப்பெற்றே
னாதியேயற்புதனையவையட்டித்தரப்பணியே.

77 தம்மையேபுகழ்ந்திச்சைபேசினுஞ்சார்விலுந்
தொண்டர்தருகிலாப்
பொய்ம்மையாளரைப்பாடாதேயெந்தைபுகலூர்பா
டுமின்புலவீர்கா
ளிம்மையேதருஞ்சோறுங்கூறையுமேத்தலாமிடர்
கெடலுமாம்
அம்மையேசிவலோகமாள்வதற்கியானுமையுற
வில்லையே.

75. Ever I think but of Thee ;
 Daily in worship I bow ;
 She of the sword-piercing eyes,
 Leave her not suffering now.
 Kōḷili's lord, Thou didst give
 Rice in Kuṇḍaiyūr this day.
 No man to bring it have I,
 Bid it be sent me, I pray.
76. Thou art half woman Thyself ;
 Gaṅgā is in Thy long hair.
 Full well canst Thou comprehend
 Burden of women so fair.
 Kuṇḍaiyūr circled with gems,
 There didst Thou give rice to-day.
 Source of all, wonderful one,
 Bid it be sent me, I pray.
-

The saint advises his fellow-poets to sing the praises of Śiva rather than the praises of men because they seldom reward the poets. Śiva rewards them here and hereafter. The Pāri mentioned in 78 was a chieftain in the Tamil country in the early centuries of our era, famed for his liberality.

77. Though ye fawn on men of lies,
 They to saints will nothing give ;
 Sing not them, O poets wise,
 But if ye would wealth receive
 Sing the Sire of Puhalūr ;
 Here your wants will be supplied,
 Pain will flee ; there evermore
 Ye will kings in heav'n abide.

82 HYMNS OF TAMIL SAIVITE SAINTS

78 மிடுக்கிலாதானேவிமனேவிறல்விசயனேவில்லுக்கி
வனென்று
கொடுக்கிலாதானேப்பாரியெயென்றுகூறினுங்கொ
டுப்பாரிலை
பொடிக்கொள்மேனியெம்புண்ணியன்புகலூரைப்
பாடுமின்புலவீர்கா
அடுக்குமேலமருலகமாள்வதற்கியாதுமையுற
வில்லையே.

79 வாழ்வாவது மாயம்மிது மண்ணாவது திண்ணம்
பாழ்போவது பிறவிக்கடல்பசினோய்செய்தபறிதான்
ஞாழாதறஞ் செயம்மின்றடங்கண்ணன்மலரோனுங்
கீழ்மேலுற நின்றான்றிருக்கேதாரமெனீரே.

78. Call the weak by Bhīma's name,
Style him Arjun with his bow,
Give the mean man Pāri's fame,
Not a gift will he bestow.
Sing, O bards, our holy God,
White with ash, in Puhālūr.
In the deathless one's abode
Ye shall reign for evermore.
-

Life and experience have no value, no reality. God alone is real, the refuge from the unreal.

79. Our life is all unreal,
Its end is only dust,
Out of the sea of birth
Come ruin, pain and lust.
Delay not to do good
But praise Ketāram's king,
Whom Viṣṇu and great Brahm
Vainly sought sorrowing.



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MĀNIKKA VĀSAHAR

MĀṆIKKA VĀSAHAR
AND HIS
HYMNS

IV.

MAṆIKKA VĀSAHAR

(Sanskrit form MĀṆIKYA VĀCHAKA)

IN the days when the powerful Pāndyan Kings flourished in Madura, there was once a prime minister who early became convinced of the transitoriness of this world's life and its riches. When on a visit to Perundurai, now Āvudaiyārkoil in the Tanjore District, he suddenly and completely came under the influence of a Brahman religious teacher, who for him was the manifestation of the very God Himself. Then and there he began to sing the "Sacred Utterance" (Tiruvāsaham), and was named by his preceptor "Utterer of Jewels" (Māṇikka Vāsahar). Returning to Madura, he forsook his high office with all its rewards, to become a religious poet wandering without earthly attachments from shrine to shrine. The stories clustering around his religious experience can be read by English readers in Dr. Pope's great edition of his work. We find him practising austerities at Chidambaram, or miraculously giving the gift of speech to the dumb daughter of the Chōla king, or defeating in disputation a band of Buddhists from Ceylon, but of certain historical information about him we have practically none. Even the question of the century in which he lived is a battleground of the antiquarians. Tradition places him in the fifth century, earlier than the writers of the Dēvāram;

but the opinion of scholars seems to be converging on the view that he lived in the latter half of the ninth, or the first half of the tenth century of our era. Another of his works is the *Tirukkōvaiyār*, an erotic poem of four hundred stanzas. Among Tamil Śaivite writers none makes a stronger devotional appeal than Māṇikka Vāsaḥar. There is a common Tamil saying that nothing can melt the heart of the man who is not melted by the *Tiruvāsaḥam*.

{

- 80 மெய்தா நரும்பி விதிர்விதிர்த் துன்விரா யார்த
 முற்கென்
 கைதான் றலைவைத்துக் கண்ணீர் ததும்பி வெதும்
 பியுள்ளம்
 பொய்தான் றவிர்துன்னைப் போற்றி சயசய போற்
 றியென்னுங்
 கைதா னெகிழ விடேனுடை யாயென்னைக் கண்டு
 கொள்ளே.
- 81 கொள்ளேன் புரந்தான் மாலயன் வாழ்வு குடி
 கெடினு
 நள்ளே னினதடி யாரொடல் லானர கம்புகினு
 மெள்ளேன் றிருவரு ளாலே யிருக்கப் பெறி
 னிறைவா
 வுள்ளேன் பிறதெய்வ முன்னையல் லாதெங்க ஞத்
 தமனே.
- 82 நாடத்தா லுன்னடியார் போனடித்து நானடுவே
 வீடகத்தே புகுந்திடுவான் மிகப்பெரிதும் விரை
 கின்றே
 னூடகச்சீர் மணிக்குன்றே யிடையறா வன்புனக்கென்
 னூடகத்தே நின்றிருகத் தந்தருளெம் முடை
 யானே.

Stanzas 80-92 are samples from an opening poem of one hundred stanzas, each ten of which has its own metre and is fairly complete in itself. They fairly reflect the saint's varying moods. Notice the importance he attaches to emotion; his worst self-reproach is for feeling no frenzy. As to his conception of God, see how the word 'grace' recurs in nearly every stānza. And yet that God of grace is called (in No. 84) both being and non-existence.

THE HUNDRED VERSES

80. Thrills and trembles my frame ;
 Hands are lifted on high ;
 Here at Thy fragrant feet,
 Sobbing and weeping I cry ;
 Falsehood forsaking, I shout,
 "Victory, victory, praise!"
 Lord of my life, these clasped hands
 Worship shall bring Thee always.

81. Indra or Vishṇu or Brahm,
 Their divine bliss crave not I ;
 I seek the love of Thy saints,
 Though my house perish thereby.
 To the worst hell I will go,
 So but Thy grace be with me.
 Best of all, how could my heart
 Think of a god beside Thee ?

82. Though like Thy saints I seem, 'tis but the acting
 of a part.
 Yet wondrous swift I run to reach the heaven
 where Thou art.
 O hill of gold and precious gems, grant in Thy
 grace to me
 A heart to melt, lord of my life, in ceaseless
 love to Thee.

90 HYMNS OF TAMIL ŚAIVITE SAINTS

- 83 யானேதும் பிறப்பஞ்சேஷிறப்பதனுக் கென்
கடவேன்
வானேயும் பெறில்வேண்டேன் மண்ணுள் வான்
மதித்துமிரேன்
தேனேயு மலர்க்கொன்றைச் சிவனேயெம் பெரு
மானெம்
மானேயுன் னருள்பெறுநா ளென்றென்றே
வருந்துவனே.
- 84 வானாகி மண்ணாகி வளியாகி யொளியாகி
யூனாகி யுயிராகி யுண்மையுமா யின்மையுமாய்க்
கோனாகி யானெனதென் றவரவரைக் கூத்தாட்டு
வானாகி ரின்றாயை யென்சொல்லி வாழ்த்துவனே.
- 85 வெள்ளந்தாழ் விரிசடையாய் விடையாய் விண்
னோர்
பெருமானேயெனக்கேட்டுவேட்டநெஞ்சாய்ப்
பள்ளந்தா ழூறுபுனலிற் கீழ்மே லாகப்
பதைத்துருகு மவர்நிற்க வெண்ணை யாண்டாய்க்
குள்ளந்தா ணின்துச்சி யளவு நெஞ்சா
யுருகாதா லுடம்பெல்லாங் கண்ணு யண்ணு
வெள்ளந்தான் பாயாதா நெஞ்சங் கல்லாங்
கண்ணிணையு மரமார்தி வினையி னேற்கே.

83. I have no fear of births, but quake at thought that
 I must die.
 E'en heav'n to me were naught; for earth's whole
 empire what care I?
 O Śiva wreathed with honeyed blossoms, "When
 shall come the morn
 When Thou wilt grant Thy grace to me?" I cry
 with anguish torn.
84. The sky, earth, wind, the light, our very flesh and
 life art Thou,
 Being art Thou, non-being too, Thou king, who
 see'st how
 Men dance like puppets with their foolish thoughts
 of 'I' and 'Mine,'
 While Thou the cords dost pull. What words can
 tell Thy praise divine?
-
85. At sound of cries like this, "O Bull-rider whose
 spreading hair
 The falling stream receives! Heaven's Lord," true
 devotees there were,
 Whose love-thrilled heart broke forth, like stopped-
 up rivers rushing down.
 Yet Thou didst choose no one of them, but me to
 be Thine own.
 And yet my body will not turn from heel to head
 one heart
 To melt in love for Thee, one eye to shed the tears
 that smart
 In swelling floods. Ah! wretched that I am, who
 only moan!
 My two eyes are unfeeling wood, my heart a great
 dead stone!

92 HYMNS OF TAMIL ŚAIVITE SAINTS

86 வினையிலே கிடந்தேனைப் புகுந்து நின்று
 போதுநான் வினைக்கேட நென்பாய் போல
 வினையனா நென்றுன்னை யறிவித் தென்னை
 யாட்கொண்டெம் பிரானானாய்க் கிரும்பின்
 பாவை

யனையநான் பாடேனின் றுடே னந்தோ
 வலறிடே னுலறிடே னாவி சோரோன்
 முனைவனே முறையோநா னுன வாறு
 முடிவறியேன் முதலந்த மாயினானே.

87 கேட்டாரு மறியாதான் கேடொன் றில்லான்
 கினையிலான் கேளாதே யெல்லாங் கேட்டா
 னாட்டார்கள் விழித்திருப்ப ஞாலத் துள்ளே
 நாயினுக்குத் தவிசிட்டு நாயி னேற்கே
 காட்டா தனவெல்லாங் காட்டிப் பின்னிங்
 கேளா தனவெல்லாங் கேட்பித் தென்னை
 மீட்டேயும் பிறவாமற் காத்தாட்கொண்டா
 னெம்பெருமான் செய்திட்ட விச்சை தானே.

88 தேவர்கோ வறியாத தேவ தேவன்
 செழும்பொழில்கள் பயந்துகாத் தழிக்கு மற்றை
 மூவர்கோ னாய்நின்ற முதல்வன் மூர்த்தி
 மூதாதை மாதாநாம் பாகத் தெந்தை

86. Amid the fruits of deeds I lay. Thou didst thyself reveal
 With words of comfort saying "Come, I will destruction deal
 To evil fruit of deeds," and thus thou mad'st me all Thy slave.
 And yet I stand as if a statue made of steel, nor rave,
 Nor sing, nor cry, nor wail—woe's me—nor in my spirit faint
 With deep desire, so dull am I. O being ancient,
 Thou art beginning, Thou art end: tell me, how can I be
 So dead at heart? The end of this I do not dare to see.
-

87. Him though men seek, none fully know; in Him no evil is.
 None are His kindred; knowledge perfect, effortless is His.
 A cur am I, yet He hath giv'n to me in sight of men
 A place on earth, and shewed me things far beyond mortal ken.
 He told me what no ears can hear; from future births He sav'd.
 Such magic wrought my Lord who me hath lovingly enslaved.
88. Our God of gods, whom e'en the devas' king knows but in part,
 Ruleth the three who in the fair world-gardens life impart,
 And life maintain, and life destroy; our First, Reality,
 Father of old, whose consort Umā is, our sovereign, He

94 HYMNS OF TAMIL ŚAIVITE SAINTS

யாவர்கோ னென்னையும்புந் தாண்டு கொண்டான்
யாமார்க்குந் குடியல்லோம் யாது மஞ்சோ
மேவினோ மவனடியா ரடியா ரோடு
மேன்மேலுங் குடைந்தாடி யாடு வோமே.

89 செய்வ தறியாச் சிறுநாயேன் செம்பொற் பாத
மலர்காணப்
பொய்யர் பெறும்பே றத்தனையும் பெறுதற் குரி
யேன் பொய்யிலா
மெய்யர் வெறியார் மலர்ப்பாத மேவக் கண்டுங்
கேட்டிருந்தும்
பொய்ய னேன னுண்டுத்திங் கிருப்ப தானேன்
போரேறே

90 இழித்தன னென்னை யானே யெம்பிரான் போற்றி
போற்றி
பழித்திலே னுன்னை யென்னை யாளுடைப்பாதம்
போற்றி
பிழைத்தவை பொறுக்கை யெல்லாம் பெரியவர்
கடமை போற்றி
யொழித்திடிவ் வாழ்வு போற்றி யும்பர்நாட் டெம்
பிரானே.

Came down in grace and made e'en me to be His
 very own.
 Henceforth before no man I bow ; I fear but Him
 alone.
 Now of His servants' servants I have joined the
 sacred throng,
 And ever more and more I'll bathe in bliss, with
 dance and song.

89. The meanest cur am I ; I know not how to do the
 right ;
 'Twere but what I deserve, should'st Thou my
 wickedness requite
 With the dread fate of those who never saw Thy
 flowery feet ;
 For though mine eyes have seen, my ears have
 heard saints guileless, meet,
 Who reached Thy fragrant presence, yet I stay, for
 false am I,
 Fit for naught save to eat and dress, Lion of victory.
-

90. None but myself has sunk myself. Thy name be
 ever praised !
 No blame lay I on Thee, lauds to my Master be
 upraised !
 Yet to forgive is aye a mark of greatness. Praise
 to Thee !
 Lord of the land celestial, Praise ! O end this life
 for me.

96 HYMNS OF TAMIL ŚAIVITE SAINTS

91 மானேர் நோக்கி யுடையாள் பங்கா மறையீ றறிபா
மறையோனே
தேனே யமுதே சிந்தைக் கரியாய் சிறியேன் பிழை
பொறுக்குங்
கோனே சிறிதே கொடுமை பறைந்தேன் சிவமா
நகர்குறுகப்
போனா ரடியார் யானும் பொய்யும் புறமே போந்
தோமே.

92 யானே பொய்யென் னெஞ்சம் பொய்யென்
னன்பும்பொய்
ஆனால் வினையே னமுதா லுன்னைப் பெறலாமே
தேனே யமுதே கரும்பின் றெளிவே தித்திக்கு
மானே யருளா யடியே னுனைவந் துறுமாறே.

93 விச்ச தின்றியே வினைவு செய்குவாய்
விண்ணு மண்ணக முழுதும் யாவையும்
வைச்ச வாங்குவாய் வஞ்ச கப்பெரும்
புலைய னேனையுன் கோயில் வாயிவிற்
பிச்ச னாக்கினாய் பெரிய வன்பருக்
குரிய னாக்கினாய் தாம்வ ளர்த்ததோர்
நச்ச மாமர மாயி னுங்கொலார்
நானு மங்கனே யுடைய நாதனே.

91. The fawn-eyed maid is part of Thee! From
 holy writ Thou'rt hid!
 Thou'rt honey, yea ambrosia, by man's mind not
 compassèd.
 O king who bearest with my faults, some harsh
 words did I say.
 Thy saints have entered heaven. Without, false-
 hood and I still stay.
92. Since I am false, and false my heart, and false my
 very love,
 Howe'er I weep, still held by deeds, can I reach
 Thee above?
 O honey, nectar, O essential sweetness, great as
 sweet,
 Grant grace to me to find the path that leads unto
 Thy feet.
93. Heav'n, earth, and all that therein is, thou makest
 without seed.
 Thou dost preserve and Thou destroy. 'Tis Thou
 who hast decreed
 That I though treacherous, mean, should be a man
 who frenzied faints
 Before Thy temple gates, one with the band of
 Thy true saints.
 What men themselves have planted, e'en a poison-
 ous mango tree,
 They root not up. O Lord of mine, as such a tree
 keep me.

Our next five stanzas, taken from a hymn of fifty,
 are full of the pathos expressed in the title, which is a
 refrain recurring in every verse. Only flashes of the
 light of the presence of God pierce the prevailing
 gloom. The saint cannot free himself from sensuality,

98 HYMNS OF TAMIL ŚAIVĪTE SAINTS

†

94 கடையவனேனைக்கருணையினற்கலந்தாண்டு
காண்ட
விடையவனேவிட்டிடுதிகண்டாய்விற்றல்வேங்கை
யின்றோ
லுடையவனேமன்னுமுத்தரகோசமங்கைக்கரசே
சடையவனேதளர்ந்தேனெம்பிரா நென்னைத்தாங்
கிக்கொள்ளே.

95 காருறுகண்ணியரைம்புலனாற்றங்கரைமரமாய்
வேருறுவேனைவிடுதிகண்டாய்விளங்குந்திருவா
ருருறைவாய்மன்னுமுத்தரகோசமங்கைக்கரசே
வாருறுபூண்முலையாள்பங்கவென்னைவளர்ப்பவனே.

96 மறுத்தனன்யானுன்னருளறியாமையிலென்ம
ணியே
வெறுத்தெனைநீவிட்டிடுதிகண்டாய்வினையின்றோ
குதி
யொறுத்தெனையாண்டுகொளுத்தரகோசமங்கைக்
கரசே
பொறுப்பரன்றேபெரியோர்சிறுநாய்கடம்பொய்
யினையே.

even while he hates it. He wonders whether even the God who drank poison for others' sake will leave him alone.

WILT THOU LEAVE ME?

94. Mingling in grace with me, O rider of the bull,
Thou mad'st me Thine.

But wilt Thou leave me? Thou whose form in
the fierce tiger's skin is clad,

Uttarakōsamaṅgai old has Thee for king. O lord
of mine

With matted hair, hold Thou me up; for I am
weary grown and sad.

95. Set in the marge of flowing stream that eats its
banks away, the tree

Shakes to its fall; and thus am I, my sense
bewitch'd by maids' dark eyes.

Uttarakōsamaṅgai's king, spouse of gem-vested
Pārvati,

Who dwell'st in Ārūr holy, O protector, for my
help arise.

96. In ignorance I spurned thy grace. Dost Thou,
my gem, now me despise,

And wilt thou leave me? O destroy my sum of
deeds and make me thine.

Uttarakōsamaṅgai's king, 'tis surely true, the
great and wise,

When only little curs play false, to mercy ever
will incline.

100 HYMNS OF TAMIL ŚAIVITE SAINTS

97 என்னை யப்பாவஞ்சலென்புவரின் றிநின்றெய்தத்
லேந்தேன்
மின்னையொப்பாய்விட்டிடுதிகண்டாயுவமிக்கின்
மெய்யே
யுன்னையொப்பாய் மன்னுமுத்தரகோசமங்கைக்
கரசே
யன்னையொப்பாயெனக்கத்தனொப்பாயென்னரும்
பொருளே.

98 ஏசினும்யானுன்னையேத்தினுமென்பிழைக்கேரு
ழைந்து
வேசறுவேனைவிடுதிகண்டாய்செம்பவளவெற்பிற்
றேசடையாயென்னையாளுடையாய்சிற்புயிர்க்கி
ரங்கிக்
காய்சினவாலமுண்டாயமுதுண்ணக்கடையவனே.

97. With none to cheer me from my fear, far have I
 wandered wearily,
 O Lightning-like, and wilt Thou leave me? If I
 truly thee compare,
 Uttarakōsamaṅgai's king, I find naught else resem-
 bling Thee;
 But a true father, mother dear art Thou to me,
 my treasure rare.
98. Whether I praise or curse Thee, still I'm stained
 with sin and sorrowing.
 Yet, wilt Thou leave me? Splendour shining
 like the red-hued coral mount,
 Master, thou drankest poison black, the humbler
 beings pitying,
 That I, Thy meanest one, might find no poison,
 but a nectar fount.
-

Our poet made songs which maidens might sing in their rhythmical games, or as they sat at the grinding-stone. In India the boatman sings as he rows, the ryot sings as he draws from the well, the sepoy sings on his march. A feature of such songs is the refrain, which is usually a mere collection of euphonic syllables, though it may have a meaning. Here are specimens of a few songs intended for women. The refrain of the first, "Ēlōrembāvāy" probably means "Receive and ponder what I say, O lady." The Grinding song, strangely enough, is used at funerals, as also is the 'Antiphony.' The song of 'The Three Castles' Destruction' is supposed to accompany play with a ball or a kind of shuttle called 'undī.' For the legend of the Three Castles, see page 7. 'The Shoulder-Play' is for some ancient game in which women grasped each other's shoulders.

102 HYMN OF TAMIL ŚAIVITE SAINTS

99 முன்னைப்பழம்பொருட்குமுன்னைப்பழம்பொருளே
 பின்னைப்புதுமைக்கும்பேர்த்துமப்பெற்றியனே
 யுன்னைப்பிரானாகப்பெற்றவுன்சீரடியோ
 முன்னடியார்தாள்பணிவேமாமங்கவர்க்கேபாங்
 காவோம்
 அன்னவரேயெங்கணவராவாரவருகந்து
 சொன்னபரிசேசெதொழும்பாய்ப்பணிசெய்வோம்
 இன்னவகையே யெமக்கெங்கோனல்குதியேல்
 என்னகுறையுமிலோமேலோரெம்பாவாய்.

100 உங்கையிற்பிள்ளையுனக்கேயடைக்கலமென்
 றங்கப்பழஞ்சொற்புதுக்குமெம்மச்சத்தா
 லெங்கள் டொருமானுனக்கொன்றுரைப்போங்கே
 ளெங்கொங்கைநின்னன்பரல்லார்தோள்சேரற்க
 வெங்கையுனக்கல்லாதெப்பணியுஞ்செய்யற்க
 கங்குல்பகலெங்கண்மற்றென் றுங்காணற்க
 விங்கிப்பரிசேயெமக்கெங்கோனல்குதியே
 லெங்கெழிலென்ஞாயிரெமக்கேலோரெம்பா
 வாய்.

101 வேதமும்வேள்வியுமாயினார்க்கு
 மெய்ம்மையும்பொய்மையுமாயினார்க்குச்
 சோதியுமாயிருளாயினார்க்குத்
 துன்பமுமாயின்பமாயினார்க்குப்
 பாதியுமாய்முற்றுமாயினார்க்குப்
 பந்தமுமாய்விடுமாயினார்க்கு
 காதியுமந்தமுமாயினார்க்கு
 காடப்பொற்சுண்ணமிடித்துநாமே.

SONG OF THE MAIDENS

99. Older are Thou than¹ the oldest of all,
 Newest of all that is new.
 At Thy saints' feet we in service will fall,
 We are Thy handmaidens true.
 None but Thy bondsmen shall call us their own ;
 Lord, we would none others wed ;
 We would be slaves at their bidding alone :
 So be our bliss perfected.

Ēlōrembāvāy.

100. "Sure for Thy child there is refuge with Thee,"
 Trembling we take up the cry.
 Hear, O our Lord, while we bring Thee one plea,
 Grant but one boon for our joy.
 May only Thy lovers rest on our breast,
 Let our hands' labour be theirs.
 Only on such our eyes night and day rest,
 Then sun rise west, east, who cares ?

Elōrembāvāy.

THE GRINDING SONG

101. Grind we the powder gold, that He may bathe ;
 For He is Scripture, He is sacrifice ;
 He's being's truth, and being's falsehood too ;
 Light is He, yea, and He is darkness deep ;
 He is deep sorrow, and true bliss is He ;
 He is the half, and He again the whole ;
 Bondage is He, but He is true release ;
 He is the alpha, He the omega.

104 HYMNS OF TAMIL ŚAIVĪTE SAINTS

102 பூசுவதும்வெண்ணீறுபூடிப்பதுவும்பொங்காவம்
பேசுவதுந்திருவாயான்மறைபோலுங்காணேடி
பூசுவதும்பேசுவதும்பூண்பதுவுங்கொண்டெண்ணீ
யீசனவனெவ்வுயிர்க்குமியல்பானான்சாழலோ.

103 என்னப்பனெம்பிரானெல்லார்க்குந்தானீசன்
றுன்னம்பெய்கோவணமாக்கொள்ளுமதுவென்
னேடி
மன்னுகலைதுன்னுபொருண்மறைநான்கேவான்ச
ரடாத்
தன்னையேகோவணமாச்சாத்தினன்காண்சாழலோ.

104 கோயில்குகாடுகொல்புலித்தோனல்லாடை
தாயுமிலிதந்தையிலிதான்றனியன்காணேடி
தாயுமிலிதந்தையிலிதான்றனியனாயிடினுங்
காயிலுலகனைத்துங்கற்பொடிகாண்சாழலோ.

105 தானந்தமில்லான்றனையடைந்தநாயேனை
யானந்தவெள்ளத்தழுத்துவித்தான்காணேடி
யானந்தவெள்ளத்தழுத்துவித்திருவடிகள்
வானுந்துதேவர்கட்கோர்வானபொருள்காண்சா
ழலோ.

ŚIVA'S MYSTERIES (An Antiphony)

102. "His form is smeared with ashes white; the
snake His strange adornment is;
The secret scriptures utters He: what kind of
god, my friend, is this?"
"Why talk of ash-smear, holy speech, adornment
strange? This only know,
This god, of every living thing is the true
nature. Chālalō."
103. "My father and my master, He of all men Lord
supreme, is clad
With but a hanging loin-cloth stitched; pray
tell me, friend, is He not mad?"
"The Vedas four with meaning fraught, the
everlasting Śāstras, know
That these are but the threads whereof is wove
His loin-cloth. Chālalō."
104. "The burning-ground's His temple fine; the
tiger's skin His raiment is;
Father or mother hath He none; He's all alone;
my friend, see this."
"Though He no parents hath, no kin, yet should
His anger kindle, lo,
The whole wide world would straightway turn
to dust and ashes. Chālalō."
105. "Though I am but a cur, yet when I turned to
Him who hath no end,
Into a sea of bliss He made me sink o'erwhelmed;
see this, my friend."
"Those holy feet that sank thee in the sea of
bliss o'erwhelmèd, know,
E'en to the very gods in heav'n they're richest
treasure. Chālalō."

106 HYMNS OF TAMIL ŚAIVĪTE SAINTS

106 வளைந்ததுவில்லுவளைந்ததுபூசு
வளைந்தனமுப்புரமுந்தீபற
வொருங்குடன்வெந்தவாறுந்தீபற.

107 ஈரம்புகண்டிலமேகம்பர்தங்கையி
லோரம்பேமுப்புரமுந்தீபற
வொன்றும்பெருமிகையுந்தீபற.

108 தச்சுவிடுத்தலுந்தாமடியிட்டலு
மச்சமுறிந்ததென்றுந்தீபற
வழிந்தனமுப்புரமுந்தீபற.

109 ஏழைத்தொழும்பனெனத்தனையோகாலமெல்
லாம்
பாழுக்கிறைத்தேன்பரம்பரனைப்பணியாதே
யூழிமுதற்சிந்தாதநன்மணிவந்தென்பிறவித்
தாழைப்பறித்தவாதோணைக்கமாடாமோ.

THE THREE CASTLES' DESTRUCTION

106. Bent was the bow, begun the fight,
 The castles three were 'whelmèd quite, (Fly, undī)
 Three castles blazing with one light. (Fly, undī)
107. One bolt in Śiva's hand saw we,
 One single bolt for castles three, (Fly, undī)
 And e'en that one scarce needed He. (Fly, undī)
108. Cleft lay the car at His foot's tread,
 The axle was all shattered, (Fly, undī)
 Three castles ruined lay and dead. (Fly, undī)

THE SHOULDER-PLAY

109. Poor slave was I, how long I poured out all my
 days for naught,
 To Him the all-supreme no homage rendering!
 Yet see,
 How He, the jewel from eternal ages incorrupt,
 Has come and drawn the prison-bolt of births,
 and set me free.
 Play we Tōṇōkkam

In the poetry of all lands lovers have appealed to birds to be their messengers to the distant loved one. This is so common in Indian poetry as to have become a recognised convention. Here the saint sends his message of love and devotion, in one case by a humming bee, in the other by the Indian cuckoo, to Śiva who dwells in Tillai, *i.e.* Chidambaram.

108 HYMNS OF TAMIL ŚAIVITE SAINTS

- 110 வன்னெஞ்சுக்கள்வண்மனவலியனென்னோதே
கன்னெஞ்சருக்கிக்கருணையினுலாண்டுகொ
ண்ட
வன்னந்திளைக்குமணிதில்லையம்பலவன்
பொன்னங்கழலுக்கேசென்றாதாய்கோத்
தும்பி.
- 111 நாயேனைத்தன்னடிகள் பாடுவித்தநாயகனைப்
பேயேனதுள்ளப்பிழைப்பொறுக்கும்பெருமை
யனைச்
சீயேதுமில்லாதென்செய்பணிகள் கொண்டரு
ளுந்
தாயானவீசற்கேசென்றாதாய்கோத்தும்பி.
- 112 நானுமென்சிந்தையுநாயகனுக்கெவ்விடத்தோந்
தானுந்தன்றையலுந்தாழ்சடையோனாண்டில
னேல்
வானுந்திசைகளுமாகடலுமாயபிரான்
றேனுந்துசேவடிக்கேசென்றாதாய்கோத்தும்பி.
- 113 பெய்யாயசெல்வத்தேபுக்கழுந்திநாடோறு
மெய்யாக்கருதிக்கிடந்தேனையாட்கொண்ட
வையாவென்னாருயிரேயம்பலவாவென்றவன்
றன்
செய்யார்மலரடிக்கேசென்றாதாய்கோத்தும்பி.

THE BEE'S MESSAGE

110. Hard-hearted thief, stiff-necked was I, but no such
name He called me ;
My stony heart He melted, and by mercy He
enthralled me.
The swans abound in Tillai's lovely hall of gold,
His dwelling.
Fly, king of bees, at His gold anklets hum, my
message telling.
111. Cur though I am, my lord has set me His great
glory singing ;
To me, the mad, His patient grace is aye forgive-
ness bringing ;
Scorning me not, He deigns to take the service
I can do Him.
Mother and God. Go, king of bees, hum thou my
message to Him.
112. Far would my heart and mind have gone from
Him, but He compelled me,
The lord with tangled locks, and His fair spouse,
they saved and held me.
He is the sky, the mighty sea, east, west, north,
south, indwelling.
His feet with honey drop. There, king of bees,
my praise be telling.
113. In this world's treasure false immersed lay I, and
self-deceivèd,
Held it for treasure true, but for His own He me
receivèd.
My precious life itself is He, in Tillai's hall
abiding.
Go, king of bees, at His red lotus feet my words
confiding.

110 HYMNS OF TAMIL SAIVITE SAINTS

114 தேன்பழச்சோலைபயிலுஞ்சிறுகுயிலேயிது
 கேணீ
 வான் பழித்திம்மண்புகுந்துமனிதரையாட்கொ
 ண்டவள்ள
 லுன் பழித்துள்ளம்புகுந்தென்னுணர்வதுவாய
 வெருத்தன்
 மான் பழித்தாண்டமென்னோக்கிமனாளனைநீவ
 ரக்கூவாய்.

115 போற்றியென்வாழ்முதலாகியபொருளே
 புலர்ந்ததுபூங்கழற்கிணைதுணைமலர்கொண்
 டேத்திநின்நிருமுகத்தெமக்கருண்மலரு
 மெழினகைகொண்டுநின்நிருவடிதொழுதோஞ்
 சேற்றிதழ்க்கமலங்கண்மலருந்தணவயல்குழ்
 திருப்பெருந்துறையுறைசுவபெருமானே
 யேற்றுயர்கொடியுடையாயெனையுடையா
 யெம்பெருமான்பள்ளியெழுந்தருளாயே.

THE CUCKOO'S ERRAND

114. Hear, little cuckoo in the honey'd orchard groves.
 Heav'n did He spurn; to save us men, to earth
 He came,
 Boundless in giving, recking naught of flesh of
 mine,
 Entered my mind, and there my very thought
 became.
 He, the alone, the spouse of her whose pure eye's
 ray
 Shames the gazelle in softness, call Him hither,
 pray.
-

One of the little childishnesses involved in idolatry is that every morning with solemn ceremony the idol must be wakened from his sleep, bathed, and dressed. Here is a song with which he is roused from slumber. But notice how successfully our author has filled his poem with the fresh morning feeling, and the sights and sounds of the sudden break of the Indian dawn.

THE IDOL'S AWAKENING

115. Hail to Thee, treasure rare,
 Source of all prosperity,
 Dawn has come, at Thy feet,
 Flowers themselves, fair flowers lay we.
 Praising Thee, we await
 Smiles that blossom fair and sweet
 In Thy face, as we fall
 Prone adoring at Thy feet.
- Śiva, Lord, dweller in
 Perundurai, where expand
 Lotus flowers, petalled white,
 In the cool moist pasture land,
 Thou whose flag is the bull,
 Thou the Lord of all my ways,
 Now O Lord of us all,
 From Thy couch rise in Thy grace.

112 HYMNS OF TAMIL ŚAIVĀTE SAINTS

116 அருணனிந்திரன் றிசைய ணுகின னிருள்போ
 யகன்றதுவுதயநின்பூலர்த்திருமுகத்தின்
 கருணையின்கூரியனெழுவெழநயனக்
 கடிமலர்மலரமற்றண்ணலங்கண்ணாந்
 திரணிரையறுபதமுரல்வனவிலையோர்
 திருப்பெருந்துறையுறைசிவபெருமானே
 யருணிதிதரவருமானந்தமலையே
 யலேகடலேபள்ளியெழுந்தருளாயே.

117 கூவினபூங்குயில்கூவினகோழி
 குருகுகளியம்பினவியம்பினசங்க
 மோவினதாரகையொளியொளியுதயத்
 தொருப்படுகின்றதுவிருப்பொடுமக்குத்
 தேவநற்செறிகழற்றாளிணைகாட்டாய்
 திருப்பெருந்துறையுறைசிவபெருமானே
 யாவருமறிவரியாயெமக்கெளியா
 யெம்பெருமான் பள்ளியெழுந்தருளாயே.

116. Now anigh Indra's East
 Draws the sun ; dark flies apace
 At the dawn ; and the sun
 Of the kindness in Thy face
 Riseth high'r, ever high'r,
 As like fair flowers opening,
 Eyes uncloze from their sleep,
 Eyes of Thee our beauteous king.

Hear how now clouds of bees
 Humming bright fill all the air.
 Śiva, Lord, dweller in
 Holy Perundurai fair,
 Thou wilt come to bestow
 Favours rich, Oh shew Thy face !
 Mountain-joy, ocean-bliss,
 From Thy couch rise in Thy grace.

117. Cocks now crow to the morn,
 While the cuckoos loudly call ;
 Little birds sweetly sing,
 And the conch-shell sounds o'er all ;
 Light of stars fades away
 Into common light of day ;
 Dawn and sun come as one,
 Now to us, O God, display

In Thy love Thy twin feet,
 Gracious, decked with anklets rare.
 Śiva, Lord, dweller in holy Perundurai fair,
 Hard for all men to find,
 Yet to me Thou shewedst Thy face.
 Now O Lord of us all,
 From Thy couch rise in Thy grace.

114 HYMNS OF TAMIL ŚAIVĀTE SAINTS

118 இன்னிசைவினையரிபாழினரொருபா
 லிருக்கொடுதோத்திரமியம்பினரொருபாற்
 றன்னியபிணைமலர்க்கையினரொருபாற்
 ரொழுகையரழுகையர் துவள்கையரொருபாற்
 சென்னியிலஞ்சலிகூப்பினரொருபாற்
 றிருப்பெருந் துறையுறைசிவபெருமானே
 யென்னையுமாண்டுகொண்டின்னருள் புரியு
 மெம்பெருமான் பள்ளியெழுந்தருளாயே.

119 உடையாளுன் றனடுவிருக்குமுடையாண்டுவுணீ
 யிருத்தி
 யடியேனடுவுளிருவீருமிருப்பதானுலடியே னுன்
 னடியார்நடுவுளிருக்குமருளைப்புரியாய்பொன்
 னம்பலத்தெம்
 முடியாமுதலெயென்கருத்துமுடியும்வண்ண
 முன்னின்றே.

118. On this side some men play
 Lutes and vīṇas sweet of sound ;
 On that side some men chant
 Ancient Ṛik, their songs resound ;
 In their hands some have brought
 Wreaths of many blossoms wove ;
 Some bow down, some men weep,
 Some men sway, o'ercome by love ;

Clasping hands o'er their heads,
 Others stand with reverent air ;
 Śiva, Lord, dweller in
 Holy Perundurai fair,
 Even me didst thou save ;
 Sweet to me have been Thy ways.
 Now, O Lord of us all,
 From Thy couch rise in Thy grace.

The rest of our specimens of the ' Holy Utterances ' may be left to explain themselves without comment, save for a single line of title. Where two or more stanzas are given from a poem, the title here given is a translation from the Tamil.

ONLY WITH THEE AND THY SAINTS!

119. Our lady aye is in Thy heart,
 As Thou in hers ; and if ye both
 In mine do dwell, grant me a part
 Among your slaves, O ever First.
 Unending lord, in Tillai's hall who dost abide,
 Let this deep yearning of my soul be satisfied.

116 HYMNS OF TAMIL SAIIVITE SAINTS

120 தந்ததுன்றனைக்கொண்டதென்றனைச்
சங்கராவார்கொலோசுதர
ரந்தமொன்றில்லாவானந்தம்பெற்றே
னியாதுநீபெற்றதொன்றென்பார்
சிந்தையேகோயில்கொண்டவெம்பெருமான்
றிருப்பெருந்துறையுறைசிவனே
யெந்தையேயீசாவுடவிடங்கொண்டா
யானிதற்கிலனொர்கைம்மாறே.

121 வெஞ்சேலனை யகண்ணார் தம்வெருளிவலையிலகப்
பட்டு
நெஞ்சேனாயென்றானச்சுடரேநானோர் துணை கா
ணேன்
பஞ்சேரடியாள்பா கத்தொருவாபவளத்திரு
வாயா
லஞ்சேலென்ன வாசைப்பட்டேன்கண்டாயம்
மானே.

122 பாரொடுவிண்ணாய்ப்பரந்தவெம்பரனே
பற்றுநான் மற்றிலைக்கண்டாய்
சீரொடுபொலிவாய்சிவபுரத்தரசே
திருப்பெருந்துறையுறைசிவனே
யாரொடுநோகேனார்க்கெடுத்துரைக்கே
னண்டநீயருளிலையானால்
வார்கடலுலகில்வாழ்கிலைக்கண்டாய்
வருகவென்றருள்புரியாயே.

WHAT CAN I GIVE THEE?

120. Thou gav'st Thyself, Thou gained'st me ;
 Which did the better bargain drive ?
 Bliss found I in infinity ;
 But what didst Thou from me derive ?
 O Śiva, Perundurai's God,
 My mind Thou tookest for Thy shrine :
 My very body's Thine abode :
 What can I give Thee, Lord, of mine ?
-

PASSION'S PAIN

121. Caught am I in passion's snare from women's
 liquid eyes ;
 Stabbed at heart, a cur. O wisdom's light,
 no aid I see.
 Only lord, whose lady's feet are softer than the
 down,
 How I long to hear Thy coral lips speak cheer
 to me.

LONGINGS FOR DEATH

122. Our lord supreme, both earth and heav'n indwelling,
 See how I have no other help but Thee.
 Thou king of Śiva's world, bright beyond telling,
 Dweller in Perundurai, look on me.
 Who'll hear my cry, who list to my complaining,
 If Thou Thy grace deny, who saved'st me ?
 I find in sea-girt earth no joy remaining.
 Now let Thy grace speak, bid me come to Thee.

118 HYMNS OF TAMIL ŚAIVĪTE SAINTS

123 பஞ்சின்மெல்லடியாள் பங்கநீயல்லாற்
 பற்றுநான் மற்றிலேன்கண்டாய்
 செஞ்சுவேயாண்டாய்சிவபுரத்தரசே
 திருப்பெருந்துறையுறைசிவனே
 யஞ்சினேனாயேனாண்டீயளித்த
 வருளினைமருளிநான் மறந்த
 வஞ்சனேனிங்குவாழ்கிலேன்கண்டாய்
 வருகவென்றருள் புரியாயே.

124 பழுதினொல்புகழாள் பங்கநீயல்லாற்
 பற்றுநான் மற்றிலேன்கண்டாய்
 செழுமதியணிந்தாய்சிவபுரத்தரசே
 திருப்பெருந்துறையுறைசிவனே
 தொழுவனோ பிறரைத்துதிப்பனோவெனக்கோர
 துணையென நினைவனோ சொல்லாய்
 மழவிடையானே வாழ்கிலேன்கண்டாய்
 வருகவென்றருள் புரியாயே.

125 பிணக்கிலாதபெருந்துறைப்பெரு
 மாணுன்னுமங்கல்பேசுவார்க்
 கணக்கிலாததோரீன்பமேவருந்
 துன்பமேதுடைத்தெம்பிரா
 னுணக்கிலாததோர்வித்துமேல்வினே
 யாமலென்வினையொத்தபின்
 கணக்கிலாத்திருக்கோலநீவந்து
 காட்டினாய்கழுக்குன்றிலே.

123. In Thee she dwells whose feet than down are softer;
 See how I have no other help but Thee.
 Thou king of Śiva's world, my gracious master,
 Dweller in Perundurai, look on me.
 Fear holds me; for, in dark confusion godless,
 I did forget the grace that saved me.
 Dog and deceitful am I. Life is joyless.
 Now let Thy grace speak, bid me come to Thee.

124. In Thee she dwells whose ancient praise is faultless;
 See how I have no other help but Thee.
 Thou king of Śiva's world, the bright moon
 wearing,
 Dweller in Perundurai, look on me.
 Whom save Thee could I worship with my
 praises?
 Can any other refuge give for me?
 O Rider of the bull, my life is joyless.
 Now let Thy grace speak, bid me come to Thee.

.....

THE BALANCING OF DEEDS

125. O lord of Perundurai, place of peace,
 To them who call Thy name, beyond compare
 True joy art Thou. Thou mad'st my woe to
 cease
 When good and ill deeds done were balanced fair.
 Then lest unwith'ring seeds of birth should
 grow,
 In Kaḷukundu Thy fair self didst shew.

120 HYMNS OF TAMIL ŚAIVĪTE SAINTS

- 126 எந்நாநென்பதறியேஃபகலிரவாவதுமறியேன்
மனவாசகங்கடந்தானெனைமத்தோன்மத்தனாக்
கிச்
சினமால்விடையுடையான்மன்னுதிருப்பெருந்து
றையுறையும்
பனவெனைச்செய்தபடிற்றியேன்பரஞ்சுடரே.
- 127 வேண்டேன்புகழ்வேண்டேன்செல்வம்வேண்டே
ன்மண்னும்கிண்ணும்
வேண்டேன்பிறப்பிறப்புச்சிவம்வேண்டார்தமை
நாளுந்
திண்டேன்சென்றுசேர்ந்தேன்மன்னுதிருப்பெ
ருந்துறையிறைதாள்
பூண்டேன்புறம்போகேனினிப்புறம்போகலொட்
டேனே.
- 128 கோற்றேனெனக்கென்கோருரைகடல்வாயமு
தென்கோ
வாற்றேனென்களரனையருமருந்தேயெனதரசே
சேற்றார்வயல்புடைசூழ்தருதிருப்பெருந்துறை
யுறையு
நீற்றார்தருதிருமேனினின்மலனையுணையானே.
- 129 வான்பாவியவுலகத்தவர்தவமேசெயவவமே
பூன்பாவியவுடலைச்சுமந்தடவிமரமானேன்
றேன்பாய்மலர்க்கொன்றைமன்னுதிருப்பெருந்
துறையுறையாய்
நான்பாவியனானுனைநல்காயெனலாமே.

LIFE'S CONSUMING

126. Myself I cannot understand, nor what is day nor night ;
 He who both word and thought transcends has reft my senses quite,
 He who for bull has Viṣṇu, and in Perundurai dwells,
 O Light supreme, in Brāhman guise has cast on me strange spells.
127. I ask not fame, wealth, earth or heav'n. No birth, no death for me.
 None will I touch who love not Śiva. Now 'tis mine to see
 Abiding Perundurai, wear the King's foot as my crown ;
 Never will I leave this His shrine, nor let Him leave His own.
128. Art Thou like honey on the branch too high for me to climb ?
 Or art Thou nectar ocean-churned ? O Hara, King sublime,
 In Perundurai, circled with moist fields, I can see Thee
 With form ash-smeared, the spotless. Can I bear my ecstasy ?
129. Many in this great earth who live do penance ; I alone
 Bearing this frame of flesh, a barren jungle-tree have grown.
 Dweller in Perundurai old where blooms the kondai tree,
 May I the sinner cry " Wilt Thou not grant Thyself to me " ?

122 HYMNS OF TAMIL ŚAIVĪTE SAINTS

- 130 புற்றில்வாளரவுமஞ்சேன் பொய்யர்தம்மெய்யு
மஞ்சேன்
கற்றைவார்சடையெம்மண்ணல்கண் ணுதல்பா
தநண்ணி
மற்றுமோர்தெய்வந்தன்னையுண்டெனநினைந்
தெம்பெம்மாற்
கற்றிலாதவரைக்கண்டாலம்மநாமஞ்சுமாறே.
- 131 வன்புலால்வேலுமஞ்சேன் வளைக்கையார்கடைக்
கணஞ்சே
னென்பெலாமுருகநோக்கியம்பலத்தாடுகின்ற
வென்பொலாமணியையேத்தியினிதருள்பருக
மாட்டா
வன்பிலாதவரைக்கண்டாலம்மநாமஞ்சுமாறே.
- 132 உம்பர்கட்காசேயொழிவறநிறைந்த
யோகமேபூற்றையேன்றனக்கு
வம்பெனப்பழுத்தென்குடிமுழுதாண்டு
வாழ்வறவாழ்வித்தமருந்தே
செம்பொருட்டுணிவேசீருடைக்கழலே
செவ்வமேசுவபெருமானே
யெம்பொருட்டுன்னைச்சிக்குகெனப்பிடித்தே
னென்கெழுந்தருளுவதனியே.

PROUS FEAR

130. I fear not serpents lurking smooth ;
I fear no liars' feignèd truth ;
But when I see fools venturing
E'en to the foot of Him our king,
Our three-eyed Lord with matted hair,
Of His great godhead unaware,
Fools thinking other gods can be,
Terror such sight inspires in me.

131. I fear no javelin's gory blade ;
Nor sidelong glance of bangled maid ;
But when I see men void of grace
Drinking no sweetness from the praise
Of my unchiselled Gem, whose dance
In Tillai's hall is seen, whose glance
Melts men's whole frame in ecstasy,
Terror such sight inspires in me.

I CLING TO THEE

132. King of the heavenly ones ! All-filling Excellence !
E'en to vile me Thou Thy wonders hast shown ;
Balm of true bliss, ending false earthly bliss of
sense,
Thou my whole household did'st take for Thine
own.
Meaning of holy writ ! Wondrous Thy glory !
True wealth, our Śiva, to Thee, Lord, I cling.
Never to loose my hold, firmly I cling to 'Thee ;
Where canst Thou go, leaving me sorrowing ?

124 HYMNS OF TAMIL ŚAIVYTE SAINTS

133 விடைவிடாது கந்தவிண்ணவர்கோவே
 வினையனே னுடையுமெய்ப்பொருளே
 முடைவிடா தடியேன் மூத்தறமண்ணாய்
 முழுப்புழுக்குரம்பையிற் கிடந்து
 கடைபடாவண்ணங்காத்தேனையாண்ட
 கடவுளே கருணைமாகடலே
 யிடைவிடாது நனைச்சிக்கெனப்பிடித்தே
 நெங்கெழுந்தருளுவதினியே.

134 புன்புலால்யாக்கைபுரைபுரைகனியப்
 பொன்னெடுங்கோயிலாப்புருந்தென்
 நென்பெலாழுருக்கியெளியையாயாண்ட
 வீசனே மாசிலாமணியே
 துன்பமேபிறப்பேயிறப்பொடுமயக்காந்
 தொடக்கெலாமறித்தநற்சோதி
 யின்பமேயுன்னைச்சிக்கெனப்பிடித்தே
 நெங்கெழுந்தருளுவதினியே.

135 உற்றாரையான்வேண்டே னூர்வேண்டேன்பேர்
 வேண்டேன்
 கற்றாரையான்வேண்டேன் கற்பனவுமினியமை
 யுந்
 குற்றலத்தமர்ந்துறையுங்கூத்தாவுன்குரைக
 முற்கே
 கற்றவின்மனம்போலக்கசிந்துருகவேண்டுவனே.

133. King of celestial ones, ever with bull for steed,
 Evil am I, yet my riches art Thou ;
 Lest I should rot in my foul flesh, and die indeed,
 Thou hast preserved me, and Thine am I now.
 Thou art our God ; Thou of grace art a boundless
 sea,
 Saved from my flesh, now to Thee, Lord, I cling.
 Never to let Thee loose, firmly I cling to Thee ;
 Where can'st Thou go, leaving me sorrowing ?

134. Thou did'st come into my vile fleshly body,
 E'en as 'twere into some great golden shrine ;
 Soft'ning and melting it all, Thou hast saved me,
 Lord condescending, Thou gem all divine !
 Sorrow and birth, death, all ties that deceived me,
 Thou did'st remove, all my bonds severing ;
 True bliss, our kindly Light, firmly I cling to
 Thee ;
 Where canst Thou go leaving me sorrowing ?

NAUGHT BUT THY LOVE

135. I ask not kin, nor name, nor place,
 Nor learned men's society.
 Men's lore for me no value has ;
 Kuttālam's lord, I come to Thee.
 Wilt thou one boon on me bestow,
 A heart to melt in longing sweet,
 As yearns o'er new-born calf the cow,
 In yearning for Thy sacred feet ?

126 HYMNS OF TAMIL ŚAIVITE SAINTS

136 சீலமின்றினோன்பின்றிச்செறிவேமின்றியறிவின்
 ரித்
 தோலின்பாவைக்கூத்தாட்டாய்ச்சமுன்றுவிழுந்
 துகிடப்பேனை
 மாலுங்காட்டிவழிகாட்டிவாராவுலகநெறியேறக்
 கோலங்காட்டியாண்டாணைக்கொடியேனென்றோ
 கூடுவதே.

137 முத்திரெறியறியாதமூர்க்கொடுமுயல்வேனைப்
 பத்திரெறியறிவித்துப்பழவினைகள் பாறுமவண்
 ணஞ்
 சித்தமலமறுவித்துச்சிவமாக்கியெனையாண்ட
 வத்தனெனக்கருளியவாறார்பெறுவாரச்சோவே.

138 நெறியல்லாநெறிதன்னைநெறியாகரினைவேனைச்
 சிறுநெறிகள்சேராமேதிருவருளேசேரும்வண்ணங்
 குறியொன்றுமில்லாதகூத்தன்றன் கூத்தையெ
 னக்
 கறியும்வண்ணமருளியவாறார்பெறுவாரச்சோவே.

LONGING FOR UNION

136. I had no virtue, penance, knowledge, self-control.
A doll to turn ^o
At others' will I danced, whirled, fell. But me
He filled in every limb
With love's mad longing, and that I might climb
there whence is no return,
He shewed His beauty, made me His. Ah me,
when shall I go to Him ?

THE WONDER OF GRACE

137. Fool's friend was I, none such may know
The way of freedom ; yet to me
He shew'd the path of love, that so
Fruit of past deeds might ended be.
Cleansing my mind so foul, He made me like
a god.
Ah who could win that which the Father hath
bestowed ?
138. Thinking it right, sin's path I trod ;
But, so that I such paths might leave,
And find His grace, the dancing God,
Who far beyond our thought doth live,
O wonder passing great!—to me His dancing
shewed.
Ah who could win that which the Father hath
bestowed ?

APPENDIX I

SHRINES MENTIONED IN THESE POEMS

Ādutuṟai, or Āvadutuṟai, in Tanjore District, now a station on the South Indian Railway.	Kuttālam, Tanjore District.
Aiyāru, twelve miles from Tanjore.	Maḷapādi, South Arcot District, near Trichinopoly.
Ālavāy, or Uttarakosaimangai, Madura.	Māraikkādu, the modern Vetharaniam, Tanjore District. Curiously enough, the modern name is the Sanskrit translation of the Tamil, meaning 'Forest of the Vedas,' i.e., lonely place where Vedas are studied.
Annāmalai, or Tiruvaṇṇāmalai, in South Arcot District.	Maruhal, on the Cauvery River, Tanjore District.
Ārūr, Tiruvallur, Tanjore District.	Neyttānam, on the Cauvery River, Tanjore District.
Athihai Virattāṇam, South Arcot District.	Oṭṭiyūr, better known as Tiruvottiyur, a few miles north of Madras, now practically a suburb.
Bramāpuram, Shiyali, Tanjore District.	Paṇanam, Tanjore District.
Chenkāṭṭankuḍi	Perumpattapuliyūr, see Chidambaram.
Chidambaram, or Tillai, or Perumpattapuliyūr, in S. Arcot District, the most venerated place of Saivism.	Perunduṟai, Āvudaiyārkoil, Tanjore District.
Chōḷā, one of the three great kingdoms into which the ancient Tamil country was divided.	Puhalūr
Comorin, extreme southern point of India, still a great place of pilgrimage.	Pungūr, seven miles from Shiyāli, Tanjore District.
Dharmapuram, near Tranquebar, Tanjore District.	Pūnturutti
Kāviri, or Cauvery, the most sacred river in South India.	Puṇaṇam, twelve miles from Madura.
Kachchi Ehambam, or Kāñchipuram, the modern Conjeeveram, in North Arcot District.	Tillai, see Chidambaram.
Kēḍila	Tiruputtūr, Ramnad District, near Pudukottah.
Kēṭāram	Tiruvaṇṇāmalai, see Annāmalai.
Koḍumuḍi, near Erode, Coimbatore District.	Tiru Neyttānam, see Neyttānam.
Kōḷīli, near the modern Tiruvallur, Tanjore District.	Tūṅgānaimādam
Kongu	Uttarakōsamangai, Ramnad District.
Kundaiyūr, near Tiruvallur, Tanjore District.	Valivalam, on the Cauvery, Tanjore District.
	Venneynallūr, South Arcot District.

N.B.—"Tiru" is an epithet meaning "Holy," but where it has become practically part of the place-name, that name is given in this list as if it began with T.

APPENDIX II

SYSTEM OF TRANSLITERATION AND PRONUNCIATION OF TAMIL LETTERS

Tamil	Sanskrit	English	Pronunciation (approximate)
அ	अ	a	u in punch
ஆ	आ	ā	ā in rather
இ	इ	i	i in sit
ஈ	ई	ī	ī in clique
உ	उ	u	u in full
ஊ	ऊ	ū	ū in rule
எ	—	e	e in fed
ஏ	ए	ē	a in fable
ஐ	ऐ	ai	ai in aisle, but much shorter
ஒ	—	o	o in mobility
ஔ	ओ	ō	ō in noble
ஔ	औ	au	ow in cow

CONSONANTS

N.B.—The Tamil alphabet is not fully phonetic as are the Sanskrit and the other Dravidian alphabets. Several letters indicate different sounds in different connections.

Letter	1. When mute 2. In the beginning of a word 3. After a hard consonant	After a soft consonant	In other places	Remarks
க்	k (க)	g (ग)	h (ह)	Guttural.
ச்	ch (च)	j (ज)	s (स)	This is pronounced as a <i>palatal</i> sibilant.
ட்	ṭ (ट)	ḍ (ड़)	ḍ	Cerebral, far back in the palate.
த்	t (त)	d (द)	th	Dental purer than English dentals.
ப்	p (प)	b (ब)	p	Labial.
ஞ்	ṇ	ṇ	ṇ	Hard palatal ṇ, peculiar to Tamil as pronounced after a soft consonant.

130 HYMNS OF TAMIL ŚAIVITE SAINTS

Tamil	Sanskrit	Transliteration	Pronunciation (approximate)	Remarks
ங்	ङ्	ṅ (before g)	n in singing	guttural n
ஞ்	ञ्	ṇ	n in ginger	palatal n
ண்	ण्	ṇ	n stopped as far back as possible	cerebral n
ந் & ண்	न	n	as in English	
ம்	म	m	as in English	
ய்	य	y	as in English	
ர்	र	r	as in English (when soft)	
ல்	ल	l	as in English	
வ்	व	v	as in English, but not so firm	
ழ்	—	l	r pronounced with the tongue as far back in the throat as possible.	Peculiar to Tamil
ள்	ळ	!	l pronounced by the palate	palatal l

Sanskrit words, unless they have become modified by long Tamil usage, as, for example, in the author's name Māṇikka Vāsahar, are transliterated according to Sanskrit pronunciation, on the system used in other books in this series, the Sanskrit alphabet being represented as follows :—

k	kh	g	gh	ṅ
ch	chh	j	jh	ṇ
t	ṭh	ḍ	ḍh	ṇ
t	th	d	dh	n
p	ph	b	bh	m
y	r	l	v	
ś	sh	s	h	
ṛi	ṛi	ḥ		

INDEX

(THE NUMBERS ARE THOSE OF PAGES, NOT OF STANZAS.)

ĀDIŚESHA, 7.
Aiyāru, 61.
Alvār, 4.
Aryan, 3.
Ash, sacred, 23.
Astrology, 21.
Asuras, 7.
Athikai Virattānam, 39, 43.
Āvaduturai, 49, 65.
Avudaiyārkoil (Perundurai),
86, 111, 117 f., 121.

BRAHMĀ, 4, 6, 13, 21, 39, 41,
55, 89.
Brahmans, 17, 33, 59, 71, 88.
Buddhism, 11, 27, 86.

CAUVERY, 15, 55.
Chidambaram (Tillai, Per-
umpattapuliyūr), 5, 17, 65,
86, 107, 109, 115, 131.
Comorin, 57.
Conjeeveram, 19.
Consecration, 53.
Cuckoo as messenger, 107.
Cycles of existence, 67.

DANCE of Śiva, 5, 6.
Dēvāram, 2.

EMOTION, emphasis upon, 89,
91, 125.

FAVOURITISM in God, 73.

GAMES, songs sung in, 101 f.
Ganges, 5, 23, 51, 79.
Grace, divine, 65, 89, 127.

HARA (Śiva), 33.

IDOL, worship of, 111.
Indra, 51, 89, 113.

JAINS, 11, 27, 33, 59, 61.
Joy in God, 47-51, 75, 77.

KAILĀSA, 5, 39.
Kālī, 5.
Kaḷukkundu, 119.
Katpaha tree, 47.
Kedila, 61.
Kētāram, 83.
Koḍumudi, 77.
Kōḷili, 81.

Kondai (cassia flower), 5, 73,
121.
Kulachchirai, 31.
Kūn Pāndiyan, 29.
Kundaiyūr, 81.
Kuttālam, 125.

MADURA (Ālavāy, Uttara-
kosamangai), 10, 19, 31,
33, 99.

Mahādev (Śiva), 51.
Malapādi, 73.
Mangaiyarkkarasi, 29.
Mārkandeya, 15, 79.
Maruhal, 27.
Meru, 7.
Mīnākshi, 31.
Muyalahan, 5.

NAMASIVĀYA, 25, 67.
Nandan, 73.
Nandi (Śiva's bull), 5, 61.

Natarājan (Śiva), Frontispiece,
5.

Neyttānam, 15.

PALNY, 15.

Pāri, 81.

Pārvati (Umā), 5, 13, 59, 61, 63,
65, 75, 79, 93.

Periya Purāṇam, 29.

Pessimism, 51, 67, 83.

Pilgrimage, no need for, 57.

Planets, 21.

Puhalūr, 81.

Pungūr, 79.

Pūnturutti, 47.

Purāṇas, 4.

Pūvaṇam, 41.

RĀMESWARAM, 55.

Rāvaṇa, 7, 39.

R̥g Veda, 3, 17, 59, 115.

Rudra, 3, 41.

SANKARA (Śiva), 51.

Shiyāli, 10, 11.

Sin, sense of, 43-47, 97, 99, 101.

Śiva :

Meaning of name, 3.

Conception of, 4 f.

Blue-throated, 8.

Delivering from death, 15, 79.

Including good and evil, 19,
103.

Unsearchable, 21.

Immanent in all, 91.

His saving grace, 127.

Śivāchāryar, 11.

TAMILIAN Antiquary, 29.

Tantras, 23.

Tirukkōvaiyār, 87.

Tiruvāchakam, 2.

Tiruvallūr (Ārūr), 25, 71, 75,
79.

Tiruvannāmalai, 13.

Tiruvottiyūr, 45, 71, 75.

Trichinopoly (Chirāpaḷli), 19.

Tungānaimādam, 39.

UMĀ (Parvati), 5, 13, 59, 61,
63, 65, 75, 79, 93.

Unreality of life, 51, 83.

VĀDĀPI, 29.

Vāk, 59.

Valivalam, 21.

Vāsuki, 8.

Vedārāṇiyam, 63.

Vedas, 55.

Vedāngas, 55.

Venneynallūr, 75.

Vīṇa, 49, 115.

Vishṇu, 4, 41, 83.

YAMA, 79.

